



No. 469.—VOL. XXXVII.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 22, 1902.

SIXPENCE.



THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

(SEE "THE CHAPERON" ON "THE REIGNING BEAUTY," NEXT PAGE.)

Photograph by Fellows Willson, New Bond Street, W.

THE CLUBMAN.

London Comes to Life Again—The King and the New Service Uniform—Clubs of Playgoers—Some Continental Duels—Mr. Whitelaw Reid.

THE opening of Parliament in State by the King—a fine pageant, the first one of a year of great ceremonies and gorgeous processions—has put new vigour into London life. Many of the great houses have opened their doors, the restaurants are full, and all the country gentlemen are back in their Clubs with tales of wonderful “shoots” and extraordinary runs, and asking from the town men which are the plays they should see and whether there are any new restaurants in which dinners should be eaten. London life may lull again during Lent, when most Clubmen fly to the South to revel in sunshine and avoid the north-east wind; but the tide of gorgeous gaiety, pomp, and circumstance which is to reach high-water mark at Coronation-time may be said to have commenced its flow last week.

The King and the Duke of Connaught took great interest, on the occasion of the inspection of the drafts of the Guards proceeding to South Africa, in the new “active service” uniform, which was shown to them, fitted on two stalwart Guardsmen, by Earl Roberts. The new colour is a drab, of very much the colour of the uniform of the London Scottish, a hue familiar to all dwellers in the Metropolis. The material is warmer and has more resistance to rain than the khaki drill, which is a light material, the colour of Indian dust, thoroughly suitable for the country and climate in which it was invented, but not adapted to the needs of other continents. When the sensible Scotchmen in London fixed on the colour of their uniform, they chose one which a deer-stalker might use in the Highlands, and, after many experiments, the theorists in Pall Mall have come to the conclusion that the practical sportsmen chose wisely, and once more—though Mr. Kipling might disagree—sport has been the handmaid of the art of war. The Volunteers have in many things given a lead to the Regulars; the Artists first showed England that a helmet might be a graceful and useful head-dress, the citizen soldiers gave an impulse to military cycling, and now the London Scottish have set the fashion in colour for what is to be the working-garb of the British Army. The scarlet is still to be retained, of course, for ceremonial parades, for guards of honour, and for that important part of a soldier's play, “walking-out,” and it is to be hoped that the money saved in simplification of the working-dress may be expended in giving the British private a little extra adornment on his full-dress tunic, for a line of gold, an extra badge, count for much in recruiting. Abroad, if the present arrangements are adhered to, the soldier in his full-dress will be the reverse of gorgeous.

The season for the annual dinners of Clubs established for other than purely social purposes is now at its height, and I see that the Playgoers' Club last Sunday listened to Mr. Martin Harvey's oratory at the Playgoers' dinner at the Cecil, and that next Sunday Mr. Hare is to talk to the “O. P.” Club at the Criterion. These Clubs, where the “front of the house” meets the stage, and playgoers and players exchange courtesies, are a growth of the past decade, and their gatherings and the discussions thereat certainly add to the pleasure of London Club life, and have shown playgoers what pleasant gentlemen the actors of to-day are off the stage.

The very sensible men on the Continent of Europe who are agitating for strict laws against duelling, and, what is even more important, official disfavour of the custom, have had their case much strengthened by a recent fatal duel in Germany and a series of duels fought in France which would have been ridiculous had there not been the possibility of a fatal ending. The Landrath of Hanover, a much-respected public man and the son of a great statesman, has died of a wound received in a duel fought by him at Springe, and a French Naval officer, who has written one book on the Navy of his country and proposes to publish another, has challenged Frenchmen in general and the Toulon Naval Clubmen in particular to deadly combat if they find anything in particular to object to in the first book. He is now getting through his first dozen duels, and is only the worse for a prick over the eyebrow; but, if the foolish matter continues, a chance thrust will sooner or later kill one of the combatants.

The Americans are pleased that Mr. Roosevelt has decided to send a Special Envoy to this country to represent the United States at the Coronation, and they regard Mr. Whitelaw Reid as a most suitable statesman to have been selected. Mr. Reid is well known in Court and in Club circles in this country, and he is very deservedly popular. He was the Special Envoy sent over on the occasion of one of Her late Majesty's Jubilees, and, though some amusing stories were told of his visit to Windsor—and amusing stories regarding officials at Court are generally fathered on American diplomatists—he received much Royal favour. Mr. Reid, a jovial, bearded gentleman, is a type familiar in America but rare in England—the journalist who is a millionaire and a statesman. He has been Special Correspondent, War-Correspondent, Managing Editor, and is now Editor and proprietor of the *Tribune*; he has been Ambassador to France and twice refused the Embassy at Berlin. He belongs to many of the best Clubs on his own side of the Atlantic and to not a few on ours, and, in his plain, black coat, the one sombre figure amidst the host of uniformed soldiers and diplomatists at the Coronation ceremonies, he will attract no little attention.

THE CHAPERON.

This Week's Two Great Events—Joy and Sorrow Intermingle—At the House of Lords—Wonderful Frocks and Furbelows—Peerless Peeresses—German Anglophobia—The Reigning Beauty of our Day.

HOW strange it is the way in which joy and sorrow intermingle! This week the two great events of interest to the high little world of Society is the Memorial Service at Frogmore and the marriage of Lord Stavordale to Lady Helen Stewart. Of course, they are not taking place on the same day; but still, the fact that they are so near in time the one to the other, and that a certain number of people will be at both, is curious and emblematic of life.

Nowadays, Chaperons are expected to follow their charges into strange places, but last Thursday was essentially a Chaperon's day, for, properly speaking, no girl ought to have been admitted to the Peeresses' Gallery of the House of Lords. However, a good many pretty débutantes managed to gain admittance, and the scene was well worth making an exceptional effort to see, the more so that Parliament had not been opened in full State for more than forty years.

I notice that most of the papers simply say that the Queen and the Princesses were in black. As an actual fact, there was a good deal of discussion as to what the beautiful though severely simple gown worn by the Queen was made of. It was composed, I am told, of the finest black silk muslin, a kind of thin crêpe-de-Chine, embroidered thickly with jet; but great distinction was given to the costume by the yoke and sleeves of old lace, which matched the long veil—almost gossamer-like in its delicacy and exquisite tracery—fastened to the hair under the diamond crown. Of course, the most interesting feature of the Queen's costume, from the feminine point of view, were the marvellous ropes of pearls which came quite down on to the skirt of her gown, and some of which were so arranged round her crown that one large pendent pearl seemed to lie almost upon her forehead.

The Princess of Wales wore a frock which most of us felt to be, if anything, rather too matronly, for it was of thick black satin embroidered in jet, the yoke and sleeves being transparent. Very charming and girlish was the costume of Princess Margaret of Connaught, who wore a quaint, early-Victorian-looking gown made of soft white satin; with it she wore some very fine pearl ornaments, which were, I fancy, left her by Queen Victoria.

Quite a number of Peeresses elected to appear in pure white, for they seemed to feel that, in spite of the fact that Court mourning was cast aside for that one day, it would look better not to wear bright colours on such an occasion. The Duchess of Marlborough, all in pure white, looked almost like a bride, the more so that she wore the famous Vanderbilt pearls. Lady Savile, one of the most elegant-looking of Chaperons—her daughter was married only on Saturday—was also in white, but a touch of colour was afforded by her magnificent purple cloak, and the same combination was worn by Countess Deym. Lady Howard of Glossop, Lady Essex, and Lady Hood were each and all also in white, as were also most of the girls present. Quite a sensation was produced by Lady Galway, whose green velvet gown must have hailed from Paris and was an interesting indication of coming fashion. Its only trimming, if trimming it could be called, was a huge green tulle bow dotted all over with diamonds. Over this really splendid frock was slung a still more splendid green velvet cloak trimmed with ermine and the finest old point-lace.

A most extraordinary amount of feeling has been excited by the revelations concerning German Anglophobia. Many well-known people in Society mean to bar everything Teutonic for a long time to come. The whole thing is rather sad for such popular people as Princess Henry of Pless and Baroness Eckhardstein, who have become German by marriage. I hear also that the Duchess of Connaught and the Duchess of Albany are much distressed at the odious tone of the German Press (lately judiciously amended, happily).

The other day, I heard several well-known people discussing the delicate question as to who, among modern Society women, would go down to future generations as having been the loveliest and most interesting feminine personality of our day. Each and all agreed, after some little discussion, that undoubtedly Lady Warwick is the only great lady who may be said to strike both the popular imagination and that of the smaller, more select, circle of diarists and letter-writers who, after all, make history in these matters. Of course, the secret of her personal popularity is not far to seek. The fairies who presided over Daisy Maynard's christening endowed her not only with beauty, but with extraordinary charm of manner, kindness of heart, and the quick wit so often denied to the otherwise fortunate possessor of exceptional loveliness. In these days, people forget quickly, but I fancy few Chaperons but can remember Lady Warwick's wonderful girlish beauty in the days when she was still a débutante, and at a time when it was more than whispered that she was on the eve of becoming the bride of our most studious and serious-minded Royal Prince. The fact that this same gentle and kindly Royal personage lived to act as best man at the wedding of Miss Maynard and the then Lord Brooke showed that even in those days “the most charming woman of our time” knew how to succeed in doing what so many women fail to do—that is, in turning a lover into a friend.

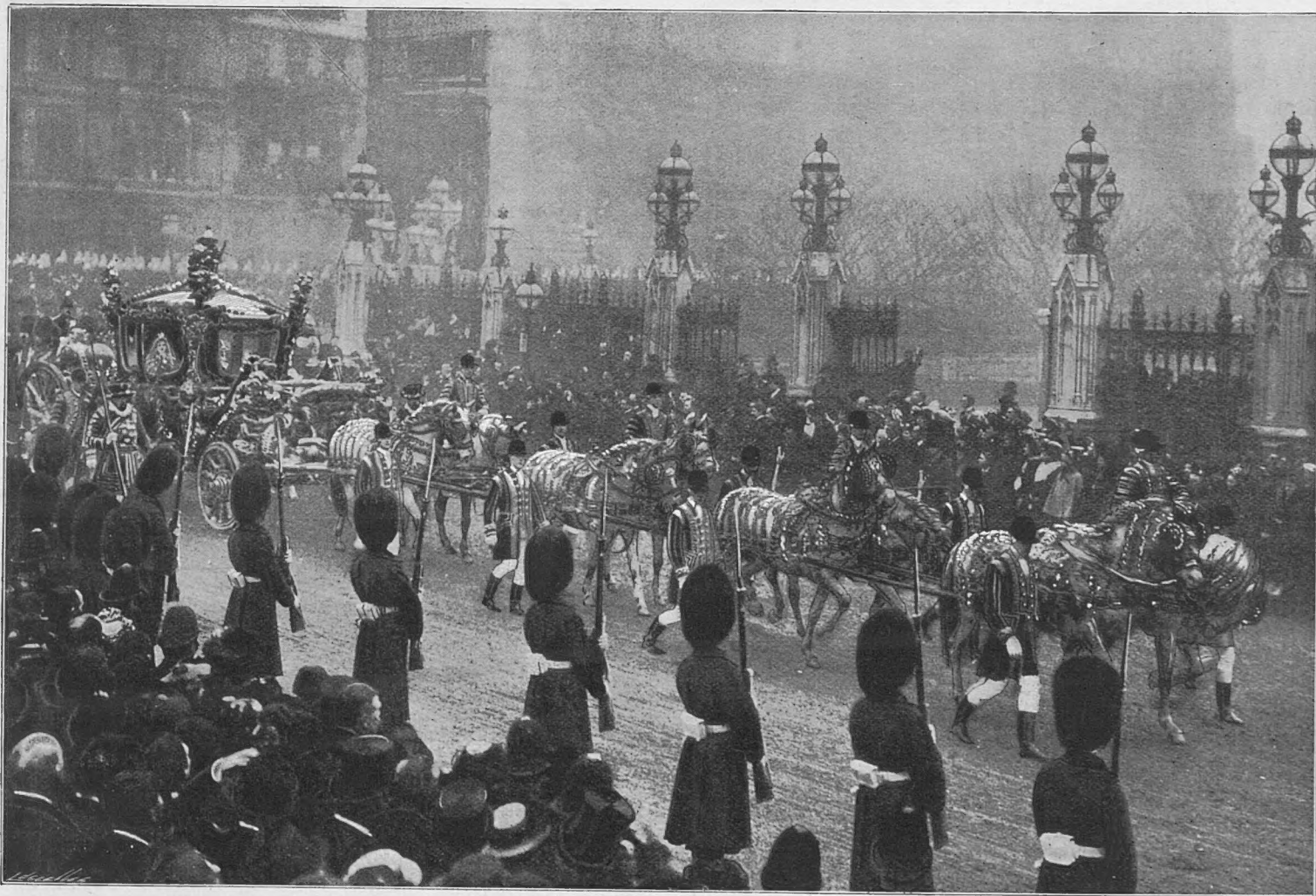
"THE SKETCH" OBSERVER AT THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

THE scene at the opening of Parliament last Thursday was better stage-managed than the ceremony of 1901, and there was more colour in the picture, although it lacked the impressiveness given last year by the note of mourning. Peeresses were placed on this occasion in the side galleries as well as on the legislative benches, and members of the House of Commons had seats in the end gallery. Everything was done in stately order. The crimson-robed Peers found their seats for themselves, while the Peeresses were ushered to their places. Interesting groups were formed by the Dukes, who sat in a front row, by the Bishops on the other side, by the Judges, and then by members of the Royal Family.

The Duke of Fife sat at the head of the Dukes, next to the venerable Duke of Cambridge, who leant on a stick and was assisted to his place; but the King's brother-in-law, the Duke of Argyll, was far down among their Graces, according to precedence. The Duke of Connaught sat above the Duke of Cambridge, although on the ordinary legislative bench. Beyond him, on special chairs at the foot of the

attendants. The King and Queen took their seats with great dignity, and their splendid robes of crimson velvet and ermine were dexterously arranged. Then the King, by a downward motion of the hand, bade all be seated. A wait of several minutes followed while the Commons were summoned. A Member of the Lower House seated in the Gallery remarked to another, "We are getting the worth of our money." They were rewarded for coming early by the long, clear view they had of the pageant. The King seemed, as usual, quite at home, and his mantle was thrown back sufficiently to reveal his military uniform. Just as the Commons were approaching, he whispered to the Queen. Her Majesty never looked more beautiful. On her head was a tiny crown of diamonds, she had a magnificent string of jewels round her neck, and a rope of pearls glittered in front of her black dress. Her presence added an undefinable charm to the gorgeous scene in the House of Lords.

So engrossing were the principal figures that attention wandered slightly to the others, but everyone noted the bulky figure of the Prime Minister as he stood near Prince Christian, the uncomfortable aspect of the Duke of Devonshire as he held the imperial crown on a cushion which was suspended from his neck by a ribbon, and the erectness of the Marquis of Londonderry as he held the great Sword



THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN PASSING THE GATES OF THE COURTYARD TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS ON THE WAY TO THE VICTORIA TOWER TO OPEN PARLIAMENT LAST THURSDAY.

Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.

dais, were Prince Christian, Princess Margaret of Connaught (who wore white), and the Duchess of Connaught (whose lorgnette was seldom away from her eyes). Behind the girlish Princess was her brother, Prince Arthur, in the dress of the Rifle Brigade. On the other side were Princess Victoria and Prince Charles of Denmark. No mention was made of Princess Charles in the Court Circular.

A notable picture, interesting though incomplete, was presented after the arrival of the Prince and Princess of Wales. Their chairs on either side of the throne were far apart, and there they sat for half-an-hour in silence facing the House while all waited for the King and Queen. Of course, they were then the observed of all observers. The Prince's sword peeped out below his splendid robes, and in his hands he held a naval hat. The Princess wore a low-cut black gown with the white ribbon of the Victoria Order across her breast, and with some splendid diamonds in her hair and on her neck. She sat very still, with a fan in her lap, scrutinising the House. Behind her in a niche stood two black-robed Ladies-in-Waiting, who seemed like statues.

On the arrival of the King and Queen the electric-lights were raised, and the Peeresses, as they stood up, gave vent to a very natural "Oh!" of wonder and delight. It was indeed a fairy scene, the richest colour being added by the picturesque array of Court

of State aloft before his face. There was no hoarseness in the King's reading of the speech. Every word was uttered plainly and distinctly. Obviously, the passage he liked best was that in which he was made to say that the conduct of his soldiers in South Africa was "deserving of the highest praise." This provoked a quick murmur of applause from the assembled Peers. Their Majesties left immediately after the reading of the speech, the King giving his hand to the Queen as they descended from the throne.

The debates were not very lively on the first evening. There were, however, some interesting incidents. The Ministers in both Houses adhered firmly to their South African policy. "If the Boers wish for peace, let them come and tell us so," said Lord Salisbury. "We mean to subjugate them," Mr. Balfour frankly declared. On the other hand, the Liberals promptly announced an amendment declaring that the policy of the Government was not conducive to the early termination of the War and the establishment of a durable peace. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman refused to wipe Home Rule off his slate. He referred to it as the policy which "has been and is" the Liberal remedy for Ireland. Lord Rosebery was the principal attraction in the debate in the Upper House. He scolded the Government for many shortcomings, but commended Mr. Chamberlain's answer to the German Chancellor.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

Royal Processions and "The Man in the Street"—In Queen Victoria's Time—In the Mall—The Guards—The King and Queen—The Prince and Princess of Wales—The Strand and the Coronation—Johnny Briggs—The Third Test-Match—Australian Cricketers—Bravo, Braund!

THERE is no doubt that there has been a great change in the attitude of "The Man in the Street" to Royal Processions, dating from the time of the Diamond Jubilee, four and a-half years ago. In the old days, when the Queen came to London there was never much of a crowd to greet her, and the occasions on which she appeared in State were so rare that they hardly made any impression on us.

But it has been very different of late years, and the crowds were tremendous whenever the Queen drove through London. When the King opened Parliament, last week, the crowds were just as big as they were at the same ceremony a year ago, when the circumstances were more impressive owing to the recent death of Queen Victoria. The ceremonial has by no means palled by repetition, but it was evident that it was the King and Queen that people had gone out to see. I could not get away in time to be there when the procession started for Westminster, but I went through Spring Gardens into the Mall, and saw the return splendidly. The Park was full of people of all sorts, well dressed and poorly dressed, and the street sellers did a good business—some, I was amused to see, in "Coronation Souvenirs." There was not much decoration, but the house at the corner of the Duke of York's Steps had out some red cloth, and the American Embassy had a Union Jack flanked by a couple of Stars and Stripes hanging over its balustrade.

While waiting for the King, I could not help admiring the Guards who kept the road. In spite of the thousands of men we have in South Africa, these were a tall and well-set-up lot of fellows, and so were the policemen who assisted them; while as for the Life Guards who supplied the escort, they were, of course, magnificent men.

There was great cheering and waving of hats and handkerchiefs as the great State-coach came along. The Queen, with her diamond crown and necklace, was just like a fairy-tale Princess in a glass coach, and she looked so well that she has evidently quite recovered from her recent chill. The King sat on the off-side, with a dark cloak over his Field-Marshal's uniform and without his cocked-hat. He looked very fresh and hearty, and saluted in answer to the cheers of the crowd, while the Queen bowed graciously to the folk on her side. Queen Alexandra always looks young, but I thought the King appeared younger and much less worn than he did a year ago.

After the King and Queen had passed, a good many of us turned to go, until the National Anthem on the Horse Guards Parade reminded us that the Prince and Princess of Wales were coming. The Princess looked very well and happy, and the Prince still retains the bronzed look his long sea-voyage gave him. What I like about the Prince is the humorous twinkle he always has in his eye. I expect that he can enjoy a joke and tell a good story with anyone. They were both heartily cheered all the way along.

I am very glad to see that the old Strand is not to be cut out of the Coronation route, as we feared at one time. It is undoubtedly the oldest street outside the bounds of the City of London, and for centuries the Sovereigns passed along it going from Westminster to Temple Bar. The old Bar has gone, and the street is changing its appearance every day; but the road still runs over the pathway worn by the ancient Britons through the bushes on the river's bank, and, if any street has a right to be traversed by the King on his Coronation day, it is surely the historic Strand. I think I have noticed a little more energy on the part of the workmen who have been digging intrenchments and throwing up barricades where the old houses used to stand. One thing is, they will have to make the place decent before the end of June; and that will be something gained, for, since we have had only one side to the Strand, the street has been almost impassable, especially at mid-day.

Poor Johnny Briggs! "The Man in the Street" cannot let his death go by without remark, for he was a great favourite with us all until the unfortunate illness. He was a fine bowler, and only once did he average over twenty runs per wicket all through the season. His best year was 1888, when he took one hundred and sixty wickets for rather under eleven runs per wicket—a splendid average. He was also a good, safe bat, and made several centuries during his career. He was, perhaps, as well known to "The Man in the Street" as any North Country cricketer could be.

The third test-match began well for England, for the ground was in perfect condition, and MacLaren, having won the toss, naturally put his men in first. The bowling is said to have been good, but it has evidently not got the sting Australian bowling used to have, for of the five wickets which fell on the first day not one was clean-bowled. Two men were, unfortunately, run out, one was l.b.w., and two were caught, while MacLaren, Hayward, Quaife, and Braund all showed

mastery of the ball. Darling changed his bowlers repeatedly, but our men are getting into form and are doing better than was expected.

The fact is, it was impossible that Australian cricket should always maintain the marvellous form it possessed in the 'nineties. The fielding has always been good, as it is to-day, but some of the earlier batsmen who came over here were really giants at the game and played all our best bowlers with comparative ease. Spofforth, the demon bowler, and his successors were marvels with the ball, but even Australia, with its splendid climate and wickets, cannot hope to keep up a succession of such cricketers. It looks as if there were a bit of a lull just now and as if the Australians had come to a race of less extraordinary bats and bowlers.

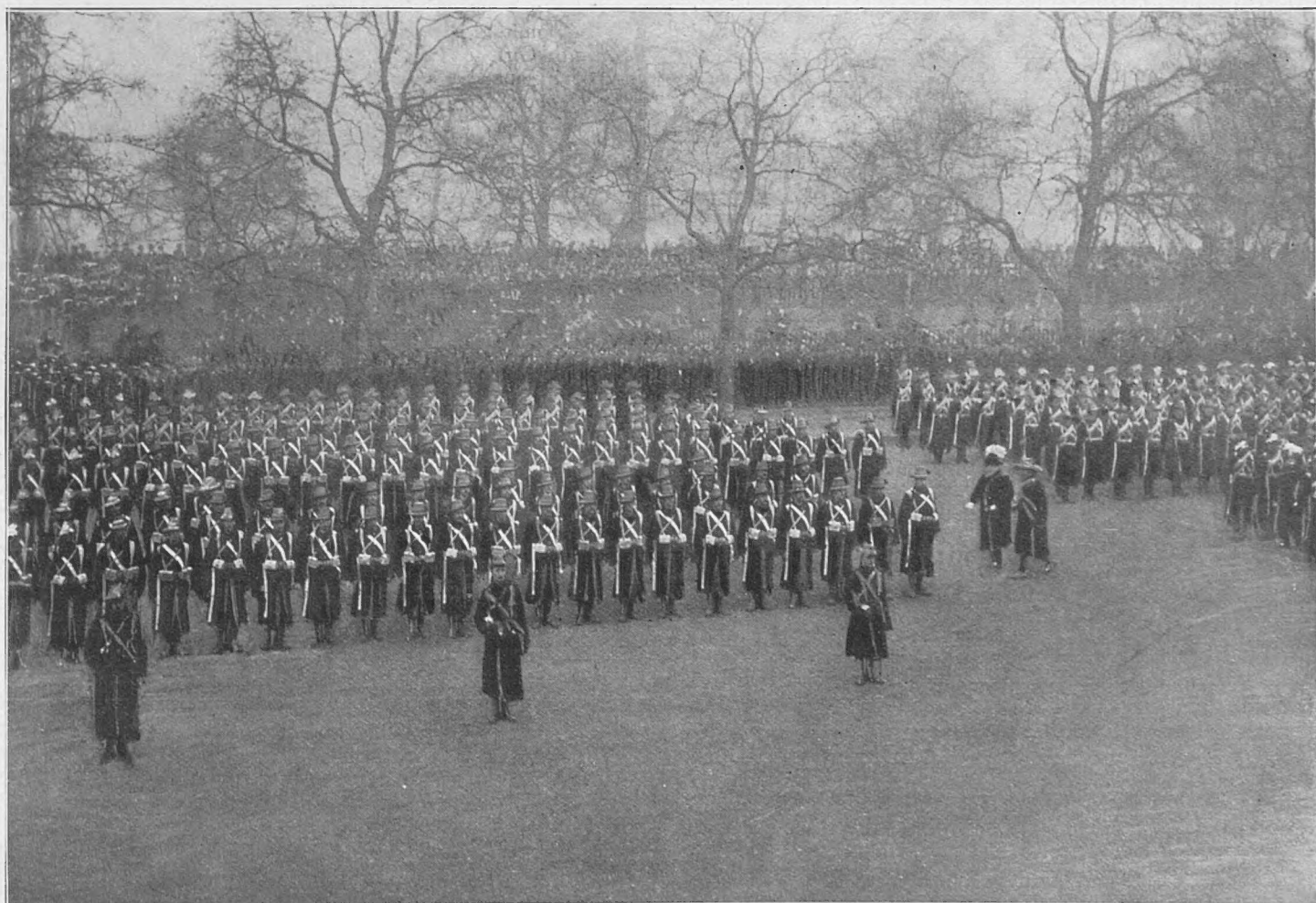
It was hoped that the Englishmen would succeed in scoring 400 in their first innings; but, though they fell short of this, they managed to run up the more than respectable total of 388. It is very satisfactory to see the success of Braund, who has done well both with bat and ball on this tour. His 103 not out was spoiled by only one chance, which he gave at mid-on when he had made 44. But the Australians are not men to be daunted by a big score against them—indeed, I have always noticed that they seem to play better when they have an uphill game. Though Darling's wicket fell almost at once, when Hill and Trumper got together they gave our men some leather-hunting, and when play closed on Saturday afternoon the score stood at 173 for two wickets. Clem Hill I look on as about the best bat now in Australia. He is a mighty smiter, and, when he gets his eye well in, all bowling seems equally easy to him. I see the telegrams say that the wicket is beginning to wear a little. Well, the Australians won't grudge us that, for, so far, we have had the worst of the luck in the test-games, though we did win the first of them.

"A COUNTRY GIRL," AT DALY'S THEATRE.

THE successor to "San Toy" may not be quite its equal, but it will serve, at least, to carry the theatre through the season which, in the opinion of the world, is to be of amazing brilliance. Of course, one has to make a great allowance in judging a work produced under most unfavourable circumstances, and, indeed, no fact could prove the popularity of Mr. George Edwardes and the qualities of "A Country Girl" more than the applause, which at the conclusion was enthusiastic, though the curtain did not rise till 8.40, instead of 8, or fall before 12.5 a.m. on Sunday. An accident to the scenery was the explanation offered, and there were rumours that one actress was taken ill suddenly. By now, of course, cuts have been made, omitted numbers are given, and all goes smoothly. "A Country Girl" once more shows an attempt to work up musical comedy to comic opera, an attempt suddenly abandoned. If the second Act had developed as logically as the first, there would have been a real plot; but tradition is too strong, and the second Act plunges into prodigious gorgeousness, broad humours, and bold defiance of laws of construction. Now this does not seem to matter a bit so far as the audience is concerned, provided that the tunes are lively, dresses rich, girls pretty, scenes handsome, dances numerous, that Mr. Huntley Wright has plenty of work, and that Mr. George Edwardes stirs up the mixture, and this was the case. In the first Act, Mr. Wright was very amusing, whilst his song, "The Pink Hungarian Band"—very cleverly written by Mr. Adrian Ross, who knows the ropes in this class of work better than anyone else—is sure to win popularity. Mr. Rutland Barrington has his measure of success, and Mr. Hayden Coffin would have had more but for the question of tune, nor can one forget the services rendered by Mr. Fred Kaye and Mr. Willie Warde. What a crowd of talent and pretty ladies! Miss Evie Greene, leading lady of the piece, was not quite at her best, but the curious vigour of her acting, her sense of character, and the richness of her voice made her a striking feature of the piece. Miss Lilian Eldée sang very prettily and played agreeably as a sentimental Devonshire lass, whilst, in the part of a passionate, amorous Indian Princess, Miss Maggie May won well-deserved applause by her acting as well as by her excellent singing. It is quite a long time since our stage has seen such a taking dance as that of Miss Topsy Sinden in the first Act, and the audience was delighted by it. Miss Ethel Irving has the soubrette part, that of a saucy dressmaker—sweetheart, of course, of Mr. Huntley Wright. Their duets, particularly one called "Two Chicks," with a grotesque dance in imitation of barndoor fowls, had great success. Mr. James Tanner's work as author of the "book" was quite up to his customary standard, and Mr. Adrian Ross's lyrics are clever, though, perhaps, not quite as neatly finished as usual. At present, one can hardly say whether any of Mr. Lionel Monckton's numbers will take the town, though it may be asserted that his chorus in march-time, "Hail to the King," with which, by-the-bye, he begins the overture, will become very popular. At any rate, his music is rich in clever tunes and the workmanship is excellent, and "Take your pretty partner to the ball" will be hummed and whistled everywhere, whilst it is possible that one of his three numbers omitted on the first-night may enjoy a triumph. Mr. Rubens' work, of course, is on a different level; however, his song, "Coo," will win popularity. I must leave another and more learned pen to write about the splendours of the millinery.



HIS MAJESTY INSPECTING THE NEW ARMY UNIFORM AT THE WELLINGTON BARRACKS, AND DISCUSSING IT WITH THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AND FIELD-MARSHAL EARL ROBERTS, V.C.



THE KING INSPECTING THE GUARDS AT WELLINGTON BARRACKS PRIOR TO THEIR DEPARTURE FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

"BUT, WHATEVER DUTIES YOU MAY BE CALLED UPON TO PERFORM, I AM SURE YOU WILL DISCHARGE THEM EFFICIENTLY, AND THAT YOU WILL KEEP UP THAT OLD SPIRIT AND TRADITION FOR WHICH THE GUARDS ARE FAMOUS."—FROM HIS MAJESTY'S GOD-SPEED SPEECH.

Photographs by R. J. W. Haines, Milman Road, W. (See "The Clubman," page 2.)

A FUTURE "V.C."?

Congratulations literally from all over the world have been showered on Sir John Milbanke—who is still in South Africa—and on his lovely Irish wife on the birth of their little son-and-heir, who has just seen the light in his Mother Country, for the happy event occurred at Mullaboden, Colonel Crichton's place. Sir John and Lady Milbanke's wedding last autumn year was one of the great matrimonial functions of the Season, and it will be remembered that the young couple started very soon for South Africa.

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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

The GLOBE says:—"Strikes us, as far as we have dipped into it, as being full of wisdom."

The QUEEN says:—"The advice contained in this book will be invaluable to many."

HEALTH says:—"The work before us may certainly be commended to the notice of the corpulent."

The WORLD says:—"The fattest will rise and call the Doctor blessed."

St. STEPHEN'S REVIEW says:—"The only practical treatise we have seen on this subject, written by a man who has had many years' experience."

LIVERPOOL POST says:—"A very sensible book, shows how a healthy condition is to be maintained or regained."

The SPEAKER says:—"Contains much sound and reliable advice, and deals thoroughly with the question of diet, exercise, and treatment."

The LADY says:—"The very best book on corpulency that has ever been written."

LADY'S PICTORIAL says:—"A most comprehensive and useful little book. I strongly recommend it to fat people."

CHIATTO and WINDUS, 111, St. Martin's Lane, W.C., or from any Bookseller.

HARRY FURNISS'S LATEST.

Mr. Harry Furniss occasioned much diversion last Saturday afternoon by his smart and clever "Thought-Sketching" and "Comedies in Charcoal," at the Steinway Hall—a novel artistic entertainment, which is being repeated. A wonderfully quick and dexterous Artist, the energetic little sketcher who has amused audiences at the Antipodes and across the Atlantic by his astonishingly rapid lightning drawings should not let his vivid sense of the grotesque run away with him, as he did in his caricature of President Roosevelt. That said in the friendliest spirit, I have much pleasure in testifying to the originality of my talented collaborator's interesting "Thought-Sketching." Mr. Furniss should prepare a new "Living London" show ("Dagonet" and Messrs. Cassell permitting) for the visitors who will troop to town from the four quarters of the earth for the Coronation of the King, which coming grand national event is already brightening town and trade considerably.



"A COMEDY IN CHARCOAL."

of the King, which coming grand national event is already brightening town and trade considerably.

THE LATE SIR ELLIS ASHMEAD-BARTLETT, M.P.

The death, on Saturday morning last, of Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett, M.P., removes one of the picturesque figures from the smaller stage of the Palace of Westminster and the greater stage of Life, on which he played no inconsiderable part. As "Silomo," the title bestowed on him for his support of the cause of the Swazis, he was, perhaps, even better known than by his proper name. "The Member for Yildiz" he was once dubbed by Mr. Haldane, and Sir Ellis was a not infrequent visitor to Turkey. During the Greco-Turkish War, indeed, he was captured by the commander of a Greek vessel of war in the belief that he was a spy of the enemy, but, when it was found he was only a Member of Parliament, he was released. Born in 1859, of American parents, he was educated at Torquay and Christ Church, Oxford, where he took First-Class Honours in 1872, and was called to the Bar in 1877. Three years later he entered the House of Commons as Member for the Eye Division of Suffolk, but from 1885 he sat for the Ecclesall Division of Sheffield.

THE LATE JOHN KEEN.

Few of the youth of the present day, who on their "safeties" scour the country in search of health, and fields and pastures new, give much thought to the methods and cycle machines of a past generation. The high ordinary is practically obsolete, and one may confidently prophesy that its reinstatement will never happen. Yet none of the modern school can lay claim to fame more thoroughly earned than could John Keen ("Happy Jack"), who rode well and made well, yet never with much profit to himself, unless it was the building up of a great reputation, which was not synonymous with lasting fortune. In the 'seventies, there were no tracks with banked-up corners, yet John Keen especially, and F. Cooper, Dave Stanton, and the late H. L. Cortis, Champion of Amateurs, accomplished remarkable performances. Keen's great success was chiefly due to his powerfully knit frame and his perfect seat and action on the bicycle of his day. Sitting erect in his saddle, he steered with an amount of accuracy which is scarcely possible on the machine of the present time. Of very kindly disposition, courteous, and considerate to all, Keen enjoyed great popularity, and was exceedingly modest with it all. He showed that a professional may also be a gentleman, and his life, which ended on Jan. 13, affords proof that the possessor of many virtues can yet be a failure in the struggle with others for that without which none in this world can hope to go on satisfactorily.

Mr. Bouchier has settled to produce Mr. Anthony Hope's new comedy in four Acts, entitled "Pilkerton's Peerage," at the Garrick Theatre on Tuesday, Jan. 28, 1902.

Redolent of folk-lore, old books and old worthies, odd customs and sayings, *Notes and Queries* continues its erudite career, faithfully reflecting the bookish side of its encyclopædic Editor, Mr. Joseph Knight, who, a pillar of theatrical light by night as Dramatic Critic of the *Athenæum*, is by day a living library of out-of-the-way knowledge. In *Notes and Queries* for Dec. 28, Jan. 4 and 11, will be found related the histories of those justly esteemed pioneers of cheap periodicals of the highest and purest class, the *Leisure Hour* and *Chambers's Journal*, welcome guests still in many thousands of households. With sympathetic pen, that gentle chronicler and good fellow, Mr. John C. Francis, traces with appreciation the rise of these deserving publications, which well sustain their repote.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

*Their Majesties
and the West
Country.*

The news that King Edward and Queen Alexandra are to visit Devonshire in March, when Her Majesty will appropriately launch the new battleship *Queen* at Devonport, is particularly welcome to West Country people generally, the more so that, owing to various causes, the visits of Royal personages to the West are few and far between. Portsmouth, besides being the scene of most of our great Naval Reviews, is, of course, the stepping-off place for Royal travellers to the Isle of Wight, so that our greatest Naval establishment gets far more of attractive spectacle and show than our second great Naval port. However, the natural beauties of the scenery of Plymouth Sound and the neighbourhood may be some compensation to Devonians, though, seeing the number of people who are the "Duke of Cornwall's" tenants on his estates in the West, it would, perhaps, be no more than natural if West Countrymen entertained a certain amount of envy for their more fortunate brethren both of Hampshire and Norfolk. To their credit, be it said, they never evince any such feeling, though their loyalty is no whit less hearty.

Coronation Gossip.

Peeresses are still waiting with some suspense to learn what are to be the final official designs for their robes and Coronation costumes generally. It is said that a certain number of ladies intend to wear the identical garments worn by their mothers-in-law, or grandmothers-in-law, on the occasion of the late Sovereign's Coronation! Among those who entertain this original idea are Lady Romney and the pretty young American Peeress, Lady Craven. It is still apparently undecided as to whether Peeresses may or may not wear a diamond crown under their official coronets. As an actual fact, the coronets both of Peers and Peeresses will be worn for only one moment—that is, just when the King is being crowned—therefore it is quite probable that diamond hair-ornaments will be allowed.

*Royal Family
Courtesies.*

So the Prince of Wales is going to Berlin, after all. But it has been pointed out, both in this country and in Germany, that the visit is quite unofficial, and is simply a mark of affection and regard on the part of the British Royal Family for William II., who within the last year has not only shown himself a good friend to England, but has been twice struck in his nearest affections by the deaths successively of his

venerated grandmother, Queen Victoria, and of his mother, the Empress Frederick. During his short stay in Prussia, the Prince of Wales will pay a visit to his aunt, the Duchess of Albany, to whom he has always been much attached, and who, notwithstanding her German birth, is devoted to England and her English friends.

The Prince of Wales's visits to Berlin have been hitherto curiously infrequent. As a boy and young man, His Royal Highness was



MRS. MADELEINE LUCETTE RYLEY, WHOSE PLAY, "MICE AND MEN," WILL BE PRODUCED AT THE LYRIC ON MONDAY NEXT.

Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

completely absorbed by his naval duties. He spent every holiday at his own beloved home at Sandringham, and, with the exception of one more or less long sojourn on the Continent, undertaken in order that he and his brother might perfect themselves in foreign languages, he has scarcely ever paid more than a flying visit to France and Germany. Of the late Queen's descendants, the Duke of Connaught is the best-known at Berlin, for his Duchess is a Prussian Princess, the daughter of the famous "Red Prince," the most powerful and warlike member of the House of Hohenzollern. King Edward as a young man was very often in Germany, but seldom in the Prussian Capital. Until comparatively lately, Berlin scarcely took rank with the other great Capitals of Europe, but William II. has done everything in his power to make the town more attractive.

*Another Royal
Sailor.*

Prince Alexander of Battenberg, the eldest son of Princess Beatrice and one of the favourite grandsons of the late Sovereign, is about to join the *Britannia* and to follow in the footsteps of his brilliant uncle, Prince Louis of Battenberg, who is not only one of the more remarkable of British naval officers, but who has invented several naval instruments of the greatest value to his adopted country.

"*Mice and Men.*" On Monday next, according to present arrangement, Mr. Forbes-Robertson will present Mrs. Ryley's new play, "*Mice and Men*," at the Lyric Theatre. In this comedy, which was noticed in *The Sketch* some weeks ago, on its production in Manchester, Mr. Forbes-Robertson plays the leading part of Mark Embury, described as a scholar, scientist, and philanthropist, who, although believing that his time for loving is over, thinks it is his duty to marry, and orders in, as it were, a series of foundling girls from whom to select a likely maiden to train and educate for a matrimonial and domestic position. As might be



MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON, WHO PRODUCES "MICE AND MEN" AT THE LYRIC AND PLAYS THE LEADING PART.

Photograph by Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.

expected, the experiment proves disastrous, for the selected damsel, on whom he bestows the name of Peggy, really loves a soldier, and, as the lovers arrange to settle down in a conventional manner, the hitherto unsuspecting wife-trainer departs out into what looks like



[Photograph by Langflier.]

THE HON. INA DOUGLAS-PENNANT.



[Photograph by Bassano.]

LIEUT.-COL. A. E. SANDBACH, D.S.O.

MARRIED ON WEDNESDAY LAST AT ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.

persistent bachelorhood. As the matrimonial pupil, Miss Gertrude Elliott has a splendid and varied character, and the remainder of the cast is very strong.

A Charming Irish Wedding.

A brilliant gathering assembled to do honour to Lord Wicklow and his lovely young bride, Lady Gladys Hamilton, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. The fine, frosty weather had attracted a huge crowd, and it was with some difficulty that the fine-looking bridegroom, his best man, and the detachment of Life Guards whose pleasant duty it was to line the church found their way through the dense throng which surrounded the entrance of the sacred edifice. The future Countess wisely elected to wear the magnificent diamond-and-pearl dog-collar presented to her by the town of Derry, and her lovely all-lace gown suited her girlish beauty far more than would have done the orthodox white satin. Many interesting and noteworthy people were present, including the venerable Dowager-Duchess of Abercorn, whose descendants, including the bride of last Tuesday, number upwards of a hundred! Lord and Lady Roberts were also among the guests, and Mr. Balfour, most determined of bachelors and yet most assiduous of wedding-guests, received quite an ovation from the crowd. Lord and Lady Wicklow, who are spending their honeymoon in the pretty country place lent them by Captain Spender Clay, intend to live very much in Ireland.

Two More Smart Weddings.

Following on the Wicklow-Hamilton function came another very smart military wedding, at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, on Wednesday afternoon (the 15th), when Lieutenant-Colonel A. E. Sandbach, D.S.O., of the Royal Engineers, led to the altar the Honourable Ina Douglas-Pennant, fifth daughter of Lord Penrhyn. The band of the Engineers was in attendance at the church and passed the interval of waiting for the bride's arrival by performing several selections of music. The Bishop of St. Asaph tied the nuptial knot, assisted by the Vicar of Windsor, the Rev. J. H. Ellison. The bride, who was given away by her father, was attended by three pretty little bridesmaids and three small pages, the little girls in white silk muslin with pale-blue sashes, and wreaths of forget-me-nots in their hair, and the boys in Louis XV. Court-suits of pale-blue satin, and blue felt hats adorned with long white plumes. The bride's gown was of white satin draped with chiffon and edged with silver, while the long train was of plaited chiffon and fell in graceful folds from the shoulders, and her ornaments included a pearl necklace and diamond crescent, the gift of Lord Penrhyn, and another diamond crescent, a present from Mrs. Sandbach, the bridegroom's mother. Captain the Hon. Arthur Meade, R.H.G., was best man.

After a crowded reception, held by Lady Penrhyn at Mortimer House, Halkin Street, S.W., Lieutenant-Colonel and the Hon Mrs. Sandbach departed for Paris. A quantity of the most beautiful jewellery was received by the bride among her wedding-presents, while both the bride and bridegroom were recipients of numerous presentations of plate from tenants, employés, and servants.

Saturday's Function.

The wedding of Captain Godfrey Heneage, of the Grenadier Guards, and Miss Dorothy Helyar, at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, on Saturday last, wound up a remarkable week of military weddings, each one equally smart as the other and all attracting large and distinguished congregations. Captain Heneage is the son of the late Major C. W. Heneage, V.C., of Compton Bassett, Wilts, who was in the famous Charge of the Light Brigade; and Miss Helyar, who is as charming as she is pretty, and very popular in Society, is the daughter of Lady Savile by her first marriage to Mr. Horace Helyar, who was Second Secretary to the Embassy at St. Petersburg. Owing to the death of an only brother, Miss Helyar is a considerable heiress, and owns Coker Court, a picturesque old place near Yeovil. Lord Savile, the bride's step-father, gave her away, her wedding-dress being composed entirely of lace, embroidered with silver; and her bevy of eight charmingly gowned bridesmaids included such acknowledged beauties as Lady Muriel Fox-Strangways, Lady Juliette Lowther, the Hon. Violet Vivian, Miss May Bentinck, and Miss Muriel Wilson. The bridegroom was attended by the Earl of Kerry as groomsman, but, owing to mourning, only a few relations and very intimate friends were afterwards received by Lady Savile at 11, Charles Street, W. (lent by the Hon. Mrs. Greville); and quite early in the afternoon Captain Heneage and his charming bride left for their honeymoon, which will also be passed in Paris.

Lady Londesborough.

Lady Londesborough, who has just had such a bad hunting accident—her horse, having got entangled in some rabbit-wire whilst jumping a fence, came down and rolled right over his rider—is a sister of Lord Westmorland, and thus a daughter of the noble house of Fane. She has been used to riding from childhood, and is one of the most graceful and intrepid of modern horsewomen. She and Lord Londesborough are both devoted to field sports and to country life, and their many friends will be exceedingly sorry to hear of the untoward event, which will probably mean that Lady Londesborough will not be able to have any more hunting this winter.

Kate Greenaway Exhibition.

Old Masters may evoke veneration at the Winter Exhibition of the Royal Academy; old Monarchs may arouse interest at the New Gallery. But let me saunter, for choice, through the cosy and popular rooms of the Fine Art Society, 148, New Bond Street, unusually attractive just now with the exquisitely pretty and dainty water-colour drawings left by the late Miss Kate Greenaway. Blessed with a sunny disposition and a rare modesty, inherited from her father, the skilful engraver, whose work adorned some of the most artistic pages of *The Illustrated London News* in the days when engravings alone were published by that great paper, Miss Greenaway was loved by all who knew her, and much of her sunniness was embodied in those captivating little, old-fashioned maidens who set girls' fashions thirty years ago. Past pleasures are



[Photograph by H. W. Barnett.]

MISS DOROTHY HELYAR.



[Photograph by Kerry and Co.]

CAPTAIN GODFREY HENEAGE.

MARRIED ON SATURDAY LAST AT ST. MARGARET'S CHURCH, WESTMINSTER, S.W.

recalled by this delightful collection of Kate Greenaways Mr. M. H. Spielmann has brought together. With wedding-bells ringing thus early in the year, it occurs to one that a set of these Kate Greenaway gems would be a particularly welcome wedding-gift, as the beautiful little pictures would be a joy for ever to the fortunate recipients.

*"Bobs" and the
Heroes of
"Q" Battery.*

The big heart of the people beats true to our noble Army, whatever foul libels may come from purblind Pro-Boers at home and on the Continent. It naturally responded in fullest sympathy with Field-Marshal Earl Roberts's richly won eulogium of the devoted heroes of "Q" Battery, Royal Horse Artillery, whose conspicuous bravery at Sanna's Post was commemorated by "Bobs" in the most gratifying manner on the Royal Artillery Parade Ground at Woolwich, on the 14th inst. There must have been a lump in the throat of many who saw the Commander-in-Chief (bearing his close upon seventy years so splendidly and pluckily) there on that day, for it was impossible not to recall the fearless devotion to duty of his soldier-son, who sacrificed his life in his intrepid attempt to save the guns at Colenso early in the prolonged campaign, and whose loss in the flower of his manhood did not hinder dauntless "Bobs" from hastening with Lord Kitchener to South Africa to bring the first stage of the War to a close with the skill of a military expert. No one could be more capable than Lord Roberts of appraising the valour of "Q" Battery at its true value.

Conan Doyle in his vivid History of the Boer War has in graphic fashion told the thrilling story of the magnificent fight for the guns made by these Horse Artillery heroes, whose superb devotion shone out in the crushing disaster at Koorn Spruit. The glorious episode was summarised more tersely by "Bobs" in the speech he made to the officers and men after presenting the medals at Woolwich. Said the war-worn veteran, the glow of health yet lighting up the genial face with the noble brow and kindly eyes—

"I have come here to-day not only to decorate you with your well-earned medals for the War in South Africa, but to present you with a piece of plate which has been subscribed for by former officers of the battery as a mark of their appreciation of the valuable services rendered by you at Sanna's Post on March 31, 1900. You may all well be proud of belonging to a battery which has distinguished itself in many a hard-fought battle.

From 1834 to 1900. "It was raised in 1834—more than three-quarters of a century ago—by Captain Schuler, as the 3rd Troop Bombay Horse Artillery, under which name it served in

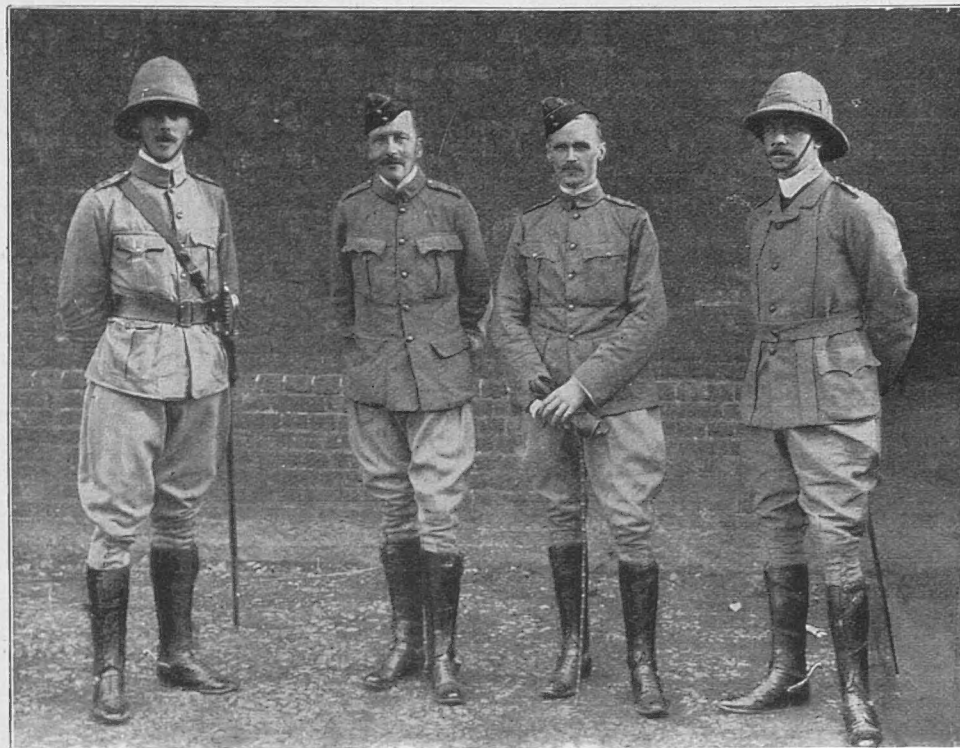
the first Afghan War, and was present at the capture of Ghazni in 1839. In 1848-9 the 3rd Troop took part in the second Punjab War. It was at the siege of Multan, and with the pursuing column under Major-General Sir Walter Gilbert which caused the Sikh Army to capitulate and drove the Afghans—who had espoused their cause—across the Indus and into the Khyber Pass. In 1856, on war being declared with Persia, the 3rd Troop formed part of the Army sent from the Bombay Presidency to that country, under the command of

Lieutenant-General Sir James Outram; and it is interesting to note that, as at Sanna's Post, some forty-three years later, the troop greatly distinguished itself on the occasion of the rear-guard of that force being surprised by the Persian Army during a night-march near Kushab. During the Indian Mutiny the 3rd Troop served in Central India, first under Major-General Sir Hugh Rose, and afterwards under Brigadier-General Sir Robert Napier. On the amalgamation of the Indian regiments of artillery with the Royal Regiment in 1861, the 3rd Troop became 'C' Battery, 4th Brigade, Royal Horse Artillery, a designation which was changed no less than seven times during the following twenty-eight years, at the end of which it received its present nomenclature.

It is scarcely necessary for me to allude at any length to the work done by 'Q' Battery during the present War, for nearly all of you whom I am now addressing are fully cognisant of it. You must remember with considerable pride and satisfaction the rapid dash you made to Kimberley under Lieutenant-General French, in response to the many urgent demands for assistance which I received from the officer commanding at that place. You must remember, too, the harassing duties the battery, in common with the rest of the Army, was called upon to perform at Paardeberg and Driefontein and during the whole of the march to Bloemfontein.

*The Stand at
Sanna's Post.*

"And you are not likely to forget the Sanna's Post affair, when the little force to which you were attached was completely surprised in the early hours of the morning. As at Kushab, in 1857, the effectiveness of the fire of the guns and the heroism and steadiness shown by all ranks of the battery helped in no small degree to extricate the force from the dangerous position in which it was placed. So heavy, indeed, were the casualties that four out of five officers were wounded and of the small complement of men present with the battery no less than



Lieut. R. W. St. L. Gethin. Major G. Humphreys, D.S.O. Lieut. E. R. Burne. Lieut. E. W. Furse.

FOUR OFFICERS OF "Q" BATTERY, R.H.A.

Photograph by R. F. W. Haines, North Kensington.

"Bobs." "Armed Science": former Officers' Gift of Plate.



THE HEROES OF "Q" BATTERY, R.H.A., HONOURED BY LORD ROBERTS AT THE ROYAL ARTILLERY PARADE, WOOLWICH.

Photograph by R. F. W. Haines, North Kensington.

forty-four were killed or wounded. On many subsequent occasions, notably at Diamond Hill, where the guns were so hard-pressed that case-shot had to be used, 'Q' Battery greatly distinguished itself. But it was for the gallantry displayed by all ranks at Sanna's Post that four Victoria Crosses and three Distinguished Conduct Medals were awarded. It is, too, in commemoration of that event that this piece of plate is given to you. It is a copy in silver of the statue of 'Armed Science' in the Royal Artillery Officers' Mess, and I present it to you with the greatest pleasure, knowing how well you deserve it, and how greatly you will prize this recognition of your services by officers who feel proud of having once been borne on the strength of a battery which has so worthily upheld the credit of the splendid regiment to which we all have the honour of belonging." Loud and hearty were the cheers that rent the air at the close of Lord Roberts's eminently deserved tribute to "Q" Battery's heroic survivors.

Lord and Lady Howe.

Lady Howe, with whom the King and Queen stayed the end of last week, is better known under her old name of Lady Georgiana Curzon. Like Lady Wimborne, she is interested in a multiplicity of things and is wonderfully energetic and clever. Lord and Lady Howe are both favourites at Court, and, as Lord Curzon, the former was one of Queen Victoria's Lords-in-Waiting. His marriage to Lady Georgiana Churchill took place nearly nineteen years ago, and their eldest son is a fine-looking young man of seventeen. Penn House, which their Majesties lately honoured with their presence, is a pretty place in Buckinghamshire.

Lady Wimborne and her League.

Lady Wimborne, the wife of the clever millionaire Peer who was for so many years of his life known as Sir Ivor Guest, is, in some ways, the most remarkable of a very remarkable group of sisters, the daughters of the seventh Duke of Marlborough, and therefore aunts of the present owner of Blenheim. Lady Wimborne is not only a great political hostess and a devoted wife and mother, but she has also found time to give up much of her leisure to the founding of "The Ladies' League," a religious association to which belong many well-known Society women and which has for object that of combating modern ritualistic tendencies. Although the League has long had offices of its own, much of the work connected with it is done in Lord and Lady Wimborne's splendid house in Arlington Street, and it is there also that Lady Wimborne has convened several widely attended meetings in support of the object she has so much at heart.

Operatic Burns.

Mr. John Burns is not at first blush the "M.P." you would hit upon as an enthusiastic supporter of the National Opera House project. But, perhaps, even the doughty John has found "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast." At any rate, he boldly proposes that the King should supply a site, in the shape of a slice of Buckingham Palace gardens, opposite St. George's Hospital; the State and London County Council jointly should defray the cost of the building, destined to be a National Thespian and Operatic Temple and a Dramatic and Musical Academy combined; private donors to contribute a trifle of £100,000 for "the equipment"; and the best artists to be employed in its embellishment. It is a magnificent ideal Mr. Burns has propounded. But surely some of our British Carnegies should provide such a public boon out of their well-filled pockets. Overtaxed rate-payers have in these parlous times literally nothing left to realise this Utopian Palace of Recreation with.

"The Last of the Dandies."

Mr. Beerbohm Tree will next Saturday withdraw "The Last of the Dandies" from Her Majesty's, where it has had a run of just over a hundred nights. The piece was not strong enough, nor consistent enough, to deserve a much longer run, although the beautiful mounting thereof was sufficiently costly and brilliant to deserve a career of unexampled length. I understand that the cost of production of this latest London venture by the prolific Mr. Clyde Fitch was shared between Mr. Tree and Mr. Charles Frohman. After keeping Her Majesty's closed a week for final night and day rehearsals, Mr. Tree will, on the

following Saturday, Feb. 1, present "Ulysses," by that now much-sought-after poetic playmaker, Mr. Stephen Phillips, who this time will deviate more into Comedy than has hitherto been his wont.

"Old Mercers" Smoker.

A capital Smoking Concert last Thursday night started in genial and harmonious fashion the sociable gatherings of the "Old Mercers," under the able chairmanship of Mr. C. B. Wheeler, M.A., one of the Masters of the Mercers' School. It took place in the centuries-old dining-hall of old Barnard's Inn, which is now the refectory of the Mercers' School and boasts some of the most interesting historic associations of any of London's ancient halls.

The German Crown Prince.

Amongst many rumours circulating in Berlin, one was set afloat which was in reality not so very far removed from the truth (writes *The Sketch* Correspondent). It was reported that Kaiser William intended to send his eldest son to America to represent him at the christening of his new yacht. There were, however, two potent reasons why the Crown Prince should not go there. Firstly, he has not yet finished his University career at Bonn; and, secondly, his mother was very much opposed to the plan, as it cannot be denied that His Royal Highness is not at present in the enjoyment of the most robust of health, and Her Majesty thought the long round of festivities necessarily attendant on his journey thither would not be conducive to any improvement of her son's health. The fact remains, however, that the Emperor had seriously thought of allowing his son to represent him on that occasion.

The Kaiser's Useful Brother.

His Majesty then decided to ask his brother, Admiral Prince Henry, to undertake the honourable duty. He could certainly have hardly selected anyone more fitted for such a function. Prince Henry of Prussia is universally very popular and will make numerous friends for himself in America. Not a few of the most prominent people in Germany think it rather strange that His Majesty the Kaiser should have made so much fuss over the christening of a yacht, nor are there voices lacking which state that it is a little too evident that the Emperor is trying to make friends with rich America, in view of the overwhelming deficit now known to exist in the budget of impoverished Germany.

Coquelin in Berlin.

The great Coquelin, Coquelin the immense, Coquelin the irresistible, has arrived in Berlin. The joy of the Berliners is unbounded. Hardly had the great comedian arrived from Paris, all weary and sick of travelling, than he was entertained, at eleven o'clock at night, at the Berlin Press Club to dinner. There were over three hundred people assembled to meet him; amongst others (says my Berlin Correspondent), I saw, besides the President of the Club, Dr. Fulda, whose name is so well known now in London, L'Arronge, Grube, of the Schauspielhaus, Pietsche, and most of the chief notabilities in artistic and dramatic circles.

Dr. Ludwig Fulda delivered a most excellent speech in French in honour of M. Coquelin and of Madame Marguerite Durand, who has come with Coquelin and the celebrated composer, Charpentier, to please the Berlin public with selections from Molière. After the first two courses of the dinner were concluded, general silence was proclaimed, and Coquelin rose. His face was a wonderful study; few people have the marvellous facial powers possessed by this great man. He spoke at no great length, contenting himself with a few polite and neatly turned compliments. Poor man, he was still hungry! Finally, however, Dr. Fulda announced that Coquelin would give a "Kleinen Vortrag," or small recitation. The recitation was taken from Alphonse Daudet's "Contes de mon Moulin," and was entitled "Le Sous-préfet aux Champs." Every Englishman familiar with Daudet will have read this charming little tale. To enjoy it to the full, however, it ought to be heard from Coquelin's lips. Coquelin's expression and intonation, his delicious rendering of the remarks made by the birds and the violets on the pompous Sous-préfet, and of the Sous-préfet's address to his fellow dignitaries, was nothing short of perfect.



LADY WIMBORNE, FOUNDER AND LEADER OF THE LADIES' LEAGUE.

Photograph by Alice Hughes, Gower Street.

Mr. Oscar Asche. Just by way of noting the final performances of "Iris," at the Garrick Theatre, I am presenting herewith the portrait of Mr. Oscar Asche as Maldonado. Although "Iris" has not been such a great financial success as "The Gay Lord Quex," yet Mr. Asche, at any rate, has no cause to grumble, for it has raised him from the somewhat dreary pit of provincial acting to the bright vault of London "star"-dom. Mr. Asche is also fortunate enough to be the husband of the clever and beautiful Miss Lily Brayton, who is now playing, with great success, "The Twin Sister" at the Duke of York's.

At the Crystal Palace. There is much that is admirable in both the Circus and the Pantomime at Sydenham. You may enjoy a hearty laugh at either. The fact that "Blue Beard" is almost a thing of shreds and patches—more a *pot-pourri* than a pantomime—is nothing to its detriment. It amuses, and thereby serves its purpose. Mr. Brammall argues, with no little reason, that people much prefer to witness such extraneous matter as "Martino's" weird contortionist act, the remarkably interesting performance of "Alaska's Sea-Lions," the clever dancing of the Brewsters, and the excellent fooling of Messrs. Burgoyne and Hilliard, to the faithful evolution of the old, familiar story. Why, even Mr. J. H. Wolfe, who wrote the "book," was considerably amused in his futile efforts to trace many of the lines which originally emanated from his pen. The Pantomime, even at this early stage of its career, goes with a "snap." This is the more creditable in view of the fact that the initial performance was about as fluffy as a winter blanket. All the artistes work well. Miss Mignon Tremaine, who, if I am not much mistaken, has in her the material for an Ada Reeve, is one of the prettiest and most capable Fatimas I have seen. I think Miss Cissy Paris must have been designed by Nature to play pantomime-boys; shapely, musical, and with plenty of "dash,"

she enacts Selim to perfection. Mr. B. Whitcomb is a most incisive Blue Beard, speaking the lines that are left to him with excellent enunciation. Mr. Tom Bass has not yet fully developed the part of Sister Anne; when he has done so he will be a host in himself. Mr. John Macauley, as Erebus, sings in fine form, Mr. Sidney Bryant is quaint as Ibrahim, and Little Cliff is Toddlums.

In the Circus, fascinating Ada Watson introduces some very clever toy-terriers, Mr. Permane several equally clever bears, Signor Bisini has a fine show of horses, and the clowning of August and September and Yorick and Yorick is both clever and funny. Altogether, the Crystal Palace just now is a place for both old and young to visit. Its bright programme paves the way for the Grand American Exhibition which is to be the great feature of the Coronation Year at Sydenham—an Exhibition which must have the best wishes of all who earnestly desire the existing good feeling between Great Britain and the United States to be maintained.

Lady Colin Campbell. Lady Colin Campbell possesses a

delightful personality. Beautiful—"beautiful exceedingly," as she was styled by the greatest portrait-painter of our day—she is also kind and witty, qualities, it may be whispered, with which beauty sometimes manages to do without. Although she is well known in the literary world as the writer of "A Woman's Walks" in the *World*, and also as that clever journal's art-critic, Lady Colin will soon attract a far wider public, that comprised by the British and American playgoer. In collaboration with Miss Clo. Graves, herself the writer of many brilliant comedies, Lady Colin Campbell has completed a play which should prove one of the theatrical successes of Coronation Year. As already announced in *The Sketch*, this touching piece, "St. Martin's Summer," will probably be produced by Mrs. Kendal at Brighton next month.



MR. OSCAR ASCHE AS MALDONADO IN "IRIS," AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.

Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.



THE LAST SCENE OF THE PANTOMIME, "BLUE BEARD," AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Photograph by Russell and Sons, Crystal Palace.

Fencing at Oxford.

The rapidity with which the art of fencing has advanced in popular favour in recent years is remarkable. Miss Esmé Beringer makes it the centre of interest in the most dramatic "turn" at the Palace Theatre of Varieties, grace to her remarkable skill in fencing. The popularity of the art found expression in an admirably organised fencing "At Home" which took place in the Town Hall at Oxford a few days ago, at the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Doyne. The floor was marked out into ten fencing spaces, so that that number of bouts could take place simultaneously. The programme was embellished with graceful designs by Mrs. Cook, and illustrated with photographs of many of the fencers who took active part, while a most interesting account of sword-play, from the able pen of the well-known swordsman and writer, Mr. Egerton Castle, formed one of its main features.

The principal guests were the members of the Ladies' Fencing Club from London, and the interest of the meeting centred largely in the prowess displayed by them and by other lady fencers. Skill of no mean order was exhibited in their bouts with the foils by many of the ladies. Grace, activity, quickness of eye, and lightness of hand and

was appointed by Lord Derby and the Duke of Abercorn to the bishopric of Derry and Raphoe, then worth over £6000, and he is now the sole survivor of the Irish prelates who received appointments prior to the disestablishment of the Irish Church thirty-three years ago. The Archbishop is an eloquent speaker and a great favourite at Westminster Abbey; he has published volumes in prose and verse, and his poem on the War, which appeared in the *Times* about two years ago, occasioned much controversy. Like Mr. Aubrey de Vere, the Archbishop is a member of the Athenæum Club.

The "Napoleon of South Africa."

Mr. Cecil Rhodes, looking wonderfully better after his trip to the Mediterranean and brief sojourn in Egypt, has been in London for some time, attending to business interests in the Metropolis, as well as to those of a similar character in South Africa. He relieved his visit to the capital by a run down to his new property near Newmarket. Dalham Hall, the mansion-house on Mr. Rhodes' estate, built in the early years of last century, with large and commodious apartments, is to be completely renovated, and the reconstruction and refitting is already in the hands of a staff of workmen from Messrs. Maple's. The newly erected stud-farm on the estate will be used for rearing horses



PREPARING FOR A FENCING "AT HOME" IN THE TOWN HALL, OXFORD: MR. DOYNE'S PARRY OF "QUARTE" IS TOO LATE FOR MISS BUTLER'S DISENGAGEMENT AND LUNGE.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell, Brompton Square, S.W.

precision in attack and defence characterised their play, and they proved themselves capable exponents of a difficult art, while their endurance was no less remarkable. The "duologue" bout with rapier and dagger, in the old duelling style of the sixteenth century, between Miss Esmé Beringer and Mr. Egerton Castle, was admirable alike in its conception and its execution, and was a graceful exhibition of skill which provoked hearty and well-deserved applause. A *poule à l'épée*, in which the modern French duelling-sword was the weapon used, and in which seven gentlemen took part, resulted in a fresh victory for Mr. Egerton Castle. The first prize in the ladies' competition was won by Mrs. Staveley, the second by the Hon. Mrs. A. Cadogan, to whom an extra prize was also awarded. And, again, the consummate skill of a brilliant and experienced foilsman was exhibited in the exhibition fencing-lesson, which the well-known amateur, Mr. Beistegui, received from M. Walter, the professor of fencing of the Oxford Fencing Club.

The Primate of All Ireland.

A distinguished Irishman in the person of the Archbishop of Armagh is making a brief sojourn in the Metropolis just now. The Most Rev. William Alexander, D.D., LL.D., who has been Primate of All Ireland since 1896, was born in April 1824; he was educated at Tunbridge School and at Exeter and Brasenose, Oxford. In 1867, Archbishop Alexander

for South Africa. Little credence should be given to some rumours concerning the "Napoleon of South Africa." What is certain is that Mr. Rhodes—the colossal statue of whom, by the way, is nearly ready for shipment to Rhodesia—has a greater interest in seeing peace re-established in South Africa than in anything else and that he will not be long absent from the land of his adoption.

Lord Charles Beresford's Successor.

Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, whose period of service with the Mediterranean Fleet is about to expire, and whose name has been a good deal in evidence in connection with the Parliamentary vacancy in Hampstead, will be succeeded by Rear-Admiral Burges Watson, whose career is in remarkable contrast with that of the former Captain of the *Condor*. The new Commander of the Mediterranean Fleet is in his fifty-fifth year; he comes of a naval stock, and, though it is thirty-one years since he entered the Service, he has not been a participator in any of the operations in which the Navy has taken part during that time. Admiral Burges Watson has filled an important position as Superintendent of the dockyard and stores at Malta for the last two years. He is a man of shrewd humour and great determination, and of these qualities it is said that the First Lord of the Admiralty, when in conference with the Admiral Superintendent at Malta last June, had ample experience.

SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

English Theatre in Paris.

It is a hardy venture that of the joint managers of the Athénée Comique and the Folies-Dramatiques, associated with Mr. Rellaw, in establishing a permanent English stage in Paris (writes *The Sketch* Correspondent in the Gay City). Mr. Rellaw has shown judgment in his later productions of English plays and has made a distinct success. The little theatre selected is that installed in the Musée Grevin—and an exquisite place it is—and what is of no small importance is that between the Acts the audience will have the right to wander through the remarkably artistic galleries of the Madame Tussaud's of Paris. I believe that the venture will be cordially supported by Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and a number of authors will be very anxious to throw their weight into aiding this distinctly interesting venture. The English system in the better-class London theatres has been adopted, Mr. Rellaw tells me, and booking and cloak-room fees will be abolished. The average price will be five francs, and it will be of interest to the many English families who have children in Paris to know that the Management will arrange special performances for the schools. M. Delcassé, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, cordially supports the theatre.

The centenary of the foundation of the Legion of Honour will be the occasion of some magnificent fêtes this year. The Order has its glories and its gloom. Twenty-five years ago, the ribbon or the rosette was the envy of all France. After the Panama scandal, when seven members were seated side by side in the dock, it degenerated, and became almost a laughing-stock after the Wilson affair, when it was proved that the decorations, were sold, like so much soap and candles, across the counter. Under President Loubet the value of the decoration has enormously increased, and rarely is it that a ribbon is given without exceptionally good reasons being advanced. I note this week the promotion of Mr. Farman, the Correspondent of the London Standard. Mr. Farman, who is married to the sister of Mr. Mudford, has rendered great service to science, as has his son Maurice, who is probably the most intrepid aeronaut in France and one of the most fearless automobilists.

Pierre Loti, Painter.

A man of many parts is Pierre Loti. As an intrepid sailor and a brilliant novelist he was world-known, but it came as a surprise to hear that he was a painter of repute. There is nothing more beautiful in the church of Vendredi Sainte at Constantinople than the picture of the Priest at Prayer, bearing the signature "J. V." Everyone knows that Pierre Loti's name is Julien Viaud. It was the result of a pious vow on account of the kindness of the monks that led Loti to do this painting in his leisure.

Sarah's Big Family.

I have kept *The Sketch* readers very fairly abreast with the excursions and alarms at the Comédie-Française. I am informed that from the Simon Tappertit stage real warfare with all its gore is to be declared. Leygues, the Minister of Fine Arts, will ask the Government to cancel the Decree of Moscow and reorganise the House of Molière. The

Sociétaires declare that if this happens they will resign, collar every mortal statue and picture and put them up to public auction, and wind up the Company. And then all will troop down to Sarah Bernhardt, who has promised them every support. Poor Sarah! She has at the present time enough artistes who are never seen but who are receiving full salaries to run two theatres. With the Comédie-Française Sociétaires on her back, hers would be a financeless lot.

The Picturesque Auto.

I am informed by one of the greatest manufacturers in France that the day of the tank-steamer-looking motor-car is at an end. Law having prevented racing, luxury will step in. The commissions received from the theatrical profession of the more eccentric order demand literally luxurious gondolas on wheels. Special panels are being executed by the most famous artists whose work figured in the last International Exhibition, and, from a beauty point of view, the overland Bois de Boulogne will rival the Canal at Venice. Cléo de Mérode is having an auto constructed from her own design, and in a style that will be daintiness in perfection.



THE MISSES MARGUERITE AND LOUISE POWELL AT THE HIPPODROME.
THE DARING PERFORMANCES OF THESE DASHING EQUESTRIENNES AND THE BRILLIANT PERFORMANCE GENERALLY AT MR. H. E. MOSS'S WONDERFULLY SUCCESSFUL LONDON HIPPODROME WERE LAUDED IN "THE SKETCH" OF LAST WEEK.
Photograph by H. L. Adam, Fenwick Road, Peckham.

The new League that has been formed this week, under the title of "La Défense de la Vie Humaine," has caused a profound sensation throughout Paris. At a single appeal, Senators, Academicians, doctors, and every shade of intellectual Paris have thrown in their lot and influence to combat an evil that few English tourists knew or if they had known would never have visited Lutetia. The milk is proved to be practically poisoned; the cheap dinners are simply food that has been boiled to death and then refreshed with a little sauce; and the ordinary wine would make furniture-polish shudder. It is a great move in the right direction, and is supported by every honest tradesman and restaurateur.

Liane de Pougy came back, and never was she so welcomed by a Folies-Bergères

audience. To all and sundry whom it might concern, she declared that the London halls were Paradise, and the restaurants of the seventh-heaven order. Emilienne d'Alençon contemplates drama, but I fancy that she will be tempted by an offer from the Palais-Royal. "L'Inconnue," from the latter theatre, is, it is said, to go all over the world in all languages. As a matter of fact, it is coming off in Paris after a very brief run. Antoine promises that very questionable adaptation of Zola's "La Terre." One in the cast tells me that it is not Zola, and is, in fact, nothing in particular. The appearance of Mounet-Sully and Madame Legond Weber at the Châtelet for the Boer benefit was a dead frost. There were plenty of Pro-Boers there certainly, but, since his ode to the Empress of Russia, Rostand has lost caste and his effusion was very feebly applauded. The Opera Ball was the most ghastly failure I have seen in the last ten years.

NOTE.

The Sketch is on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.



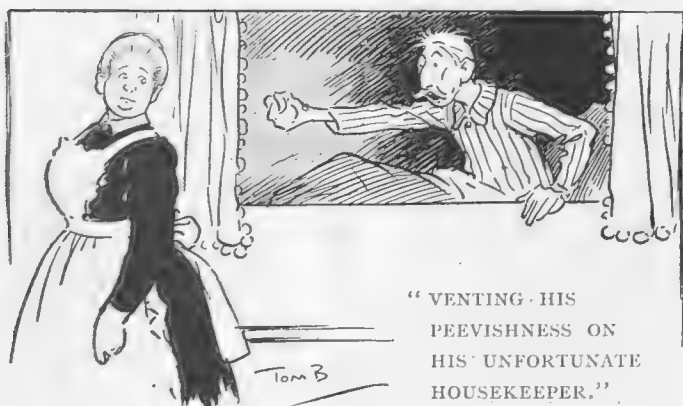
I AM INVITED TO DOLLIE'S DANCE— AND DECLINE.

MY DEAR DOLLIE,—I have to thank you for the very kind invitation to your dance on the 27th, but regret that I shall be unable to accept it. It is usual, just about here, to say that one is very sorry, or has a previous engagement, or both. Such, however, is not my case. I am perfectly free on the evening of the 27th, but still, dear Dollie, I will not come to your dance. I was tempted to write "cannot" for "will not," but my honesty got the better of me. I could come, quite easily, if I liked to break through a rule that I made for myself many years ago. That I was tempted to break through it on receiving your dear little note you will easily understand, but, after a long struggle, my principles have gained the mastery, and I am writing to deprive myself of the pleasure of your company.

Perhaps—I say, perhaps—you will be curious enough to wonder why I made such a rule. In case you are, I will state my reasons. If you are not, you can start making spills of this letter right away.

Firstly, then, I can't afford to dance. A dancing man is like a dancing bear—he has to give up all his time to it. When he is not dancing, he is sleeping, and when he is neither dancing nor sleeping he is venting his peevishness on his unfortunate housekeeper. When once the noose is round his neck, it is quite impossible for him to escape. He must just go on dancing, night in, night out, and if he ventures to stop before the music is finished he will find himself goaded into activity again by the ever-watchful hostess, just as a tired or lazy bear gets stirred up with the end of a pointed stick. That is one excellent explanation of my apparent rudeness.

Secondly, I don't dance well enough to make it worth my while to do it at all. Everybody dislikes the indifferent dancer. The men dislike him because he can't steer or is persistent in snapping up the best partners, and the girls dislike him because he treads on their toes and their trains and will insist on looking at their programmes to see if they are telling the truth when they say that they have no dances left. Mind you, all bad dancers are not like that. Some of them are as unhappy as I used to be in my young days; they hate dances, but haven't the strength of mind to refuse them. And so they go, and



either spend the evening in the smoking-room or lean up against the wall and say bitter things to themselves about the gyrating fools who have got the knack of the asterisked business.

But, lest you should imagine, from the foregoing, that I am a very bad dancer indeed, I hasten to defend myself. I am not; I maintain, such a clumsy ass as all that. My length, of course, is rather against me, especially when I am unfortunate enough to get hold of a very diminutive partner. But I flatter myself that I can do a cake-walk a

good deal better than some amateurs who rush in, and I have even been known to give a taste of my quality in the Eugene Stratton line of art. It is indeed wonderful how easily one can play the fool with one's face blacked.

The reference above to diminutive partners brings me to my third and great reason for not going to dances. This is, that I always find myself dancing with the wrong people. If, for example, I could dance, and sup, and sit out, and pretend to flirt with you the whole evening, my dear Dollie, I should be delighted to come to your dance. But you know as well as I do that that wouldn't be possible, even if—which, of course, you wouldn't—you wished to make it so. Your dear mother—to whom I beg to send my very kindest regards—would be horrified at the mere suggestion; your sisters would laugh you to scorn; and the many male admirers to whom you have been promising dances for a fortnight past would probably arise in their wrath and place me firmly and ungently in the nearest horse-pond.

No. What would happen, if I were rash enough to break through my golden rule, is this: Directly I entered the room, I should be pounced upon by your mother and introduced to some dear, plain, delightfully stupid girl who was running a grave risk of spending a shivery evening by herself. Under the eagle eye of your respected parent, I should ask the forlorn one for the extreme felicity of a dance, and duly enter some useless note—such as "Silly Dress," "Straw Hair," "Big Feet," or the like—on my programme. The girl would pass me on to an equally interesting sister, and the sister would have several friends. All of them would secure places—and insultingly vague descriptions—on my programme, and I should spend the greater part of the evening trying in vain to discover which was "Silly Dress" or "Big Feet" and get myself greatly disliked by all of them in consequence.

Perhaps, if I happened to be in great good luck, I should find that you had one vacant number on your programme. In that case, I



"I SHOULD BE INTRODUCED TO SOME DELIGHTFULLY
STUPID GIRL."

should put in a hasty claim, only to find that it was the Lancers instead of a waltz. Being, however, of a meek disposition, I should put up with the Lancers, and have the satisfaction of seeing you dance with every other man in the set except myself. Then, when the dance was over and I was leading you away to some quiet, cool, secluded corner—a corner where we might talk as much or as little and look as little or as much as we pleased—you would be called away suddenly by your mother and told to go and say something nice to some pasty-faced girls in green dresses. Bless you, Dollie dear, I know!

But do not, I beg of you, imagine for one moment that I wish to discourage other men from dancing. On the contrary, I think it is the obvious duty of every energetic, able-bodied young fellow to go to dances whenever he can, and to dance as well as he can and as long as he can. I think he should feel it a proud privilege to be allowed to glide about on a polished floor with a pretty girl in tantalising proximity. As to cutting dances or sitting them out—why, the very thought of it enrages me to a quite remarkable degree. When it comes to my own case, however, I look at the matter from another point of view. I do not feel that I am quite the right person to participate in recreations that require poetry of motion and graceful ease. My place, somehow or other, seems to be the curtained bow-window or the palm-shaded nook, whence I may look on and observe you all without being observed myself. It isn't half so dull as you think, Dollie dear, to be a mere looker-on. You know the proverb, don't you? I am beginning to understand the game sufficiently well to make it interesting. Thus does a man become that dreadfully lonely thing known as a confirmed bachelor: he becomes so absorbed in watching the game that he will not join in it himself for fear of breaking the spell.

"Chicot"

MISS WINIFRED HARE AS ALADDIN
IN THE DAINTY PANTOMIME AT THE CORONET THEATRE.



HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Rosslyn Day by Day—Free Trade in Gambling—Ruined Like a Gentleman—"Systems" that have Succeeded—How to Rob the Bank (By One who Knows)—On the Honeymoon with a "System."

THE fascinating study of "systems" has now been exhaustively treated on the ancient lines, but it has been forgotten that any discussion on the practical working of Lord Rosslyn's is only possible after weeks of trial, if then. As a matter of fact, the number of possibilities are so enormous that if he won steadily for a year it would prove very little. However, beginning to break the bank at Monte Carlo is as easy a road to fame as announcing that you are starting to reach the North Pole, contesting a forlorn hope as a Parliamentary candidate, or attempting suicide unsuccessfully.

Imagine the colossal results of one single permanent success—the immense fortune realised by the inventor and the consequent stoppage of roulette, and probably several other forms of play, in every public Casino in the world! Half-an-hour's calculation ought to show that any system based on probabilities is worthless, for the number of turns of the wheel is practically infinite; if a colour wins fifty times, the chances are still the same, for all practical purposes, on its winning again. But half-an-hour's mathematical calculation is exactly what the true gambler will not give. He has his superstitions and his "luck," and, after all, is it not true that every great man has been superstitious?

If a visitor at Monte Carlo were to hear a clock strike fifteen times and not run to the Casino and put his money on fifteen, would he not be a soulless machine instead of a human being? The conclusions of the strict scientist are generally wrong. There are things in heaven and earth, &c., as Bacon has remarked (or was it the "Divine William"?—mysterious laws of chance revealed only to the earnest and thoughtful gambler.

There is a delusion that an income can be made by waiting for a sequence of three reds and then backing black, and *vice versa*. This delusion is world-wide, partly because the winner alone advertises his play, and even for him the operation is intolerably slow; the life of a solicitor's clerk is wildly exciting by comparison, and the profits not much less. Partly also because loss is so gradual with low stakes that a player would have to live about a hundred and fifty years to be ruined. For that matter, the young visitor may be assured that bankruptcy is impossible if he waits for zero to win ten times running and then backs something else. Or he may make a fair income by keeping on not putting his money on anything until an eclipse occurs simultaneously with Christmas Day. These systems are *infallible*.

There really are two infallible systems possible—based on the peculiarities of the operator's hand and on those of the roulette-wheel. A clever Mr. Jagers once actually worked the latter principle to the tune of £80,000. The authorities can checkmate both by constantly changing their staff and the roulette-wheel respectively. There then remain only the dishonest systems; they are far the most reliable, but suffer from the disadvantage of involving penal servitude, for be it known that, even in countries where a bet is null and void and gambling prohibited in public places, swindling the bank is known to the law as cheating and is punishable. At either roulette or trente-et-quarante (the other Monte Carlo attraction) it is hardly possible to cheat the bank; therefore, the spinner or dealer must be bribed to cheat for the player. At roulette he might possibly succeed by altering the size of the holes. At trente-et-quarante he could certainly do so by holding pre-arranged cards in the palm of his hand and introducing them unostentatiously into the pack at the top. The operation is so simple that it can be, and has been, done in the brightest light.

Moral advice on roulette may be given with all the more confidence as no one will take the slightest notice of it. The very writer who has of late ridiculed "systems" most energetically spends his holidays in Monaco. The man-with-the-system is a man in love. The object of his infatuation is the only one in the world of the kind. Others have failed, but it is a simple impossibility that this—Which reminds me that I have a system which I know—not think—to be infallible. I only require a syndicate to guarantee bare living expenses—say, a couple of thousand a year—and unlimited capital, for prolonged play might be necessary. But success is an *absolute certainty*.

HILL ROWAN.

The end of this week sees the sixth anniversary of the death of Lord Leighton, and the memorial will be ready for the unveiling ceremony. The monument consists of a massive cenotaph of fine marble, surmounted by a recumbent figure in bronze of Lord Leighton. At the head and foot are small allegorical figures, likewise in bronze. The memorial has been placed in the first arch of the north aisle, near to the mural monument to the Crimean cavalry. The simple inscription runs: "To the memory of Frederick, Baron Leighton of Stretton, Painter, seventh President of the Royal Academy of Arts. This monument is erected by his many friends and admirers. Born December 3, 1830. Died January 25, 1896. He lies buried in the crypt of this Cathedral."

HOLLAND HOUSE: A LONDON PALACE.

THE marriage of Lord Stavordale, the eldest son and heir of Lord and Lady Ilchester, to Lady Helen Stewart, brings Holland House, that most beautiful and stately of London palaces, once more into the public eye. During the whole of the nineteenth century, this delightful mansion, set amidst gardens and glades which might well do honour to any country castle situated within a hundred miles of London, was a brilliant social centre.

"THE MECCA OF MAYFAIR."

Lord Ilchester has very wisely kept to the old name by which his London home has been known for so long, and, although the days of the "great Lady Holland" have long passed away, in Lady Ilchester Holland House still finds a hostess as gracious as and even more beautiful than her famous predecessor who first made Holland House what it has since remained, "the Mecca of Mayfair."

THE HOME OF WIT AND BEAUTY.

Owing to the fact that the great Addison married the widow of Robert Rich, Earl of Holland and Earl of Warwick, he spent there his last years, and it was in one of the most charming rooms of the mansion that occurred that "awful scene," as Johnson has called it, between Addison and the then Earl of Warwick, a young man whose wild doings were the talk of the town at that time. "I have sent for you," said the great essayist severely, "that you may see how a Christian can die."

The estate—for estate it may be called, although within only a mile and a-half of Hyde Park Corner—was sold to the first Lord Holland, the father of Charles James Fox, in 1749. It has been said, and said truly, that the history of Holland House during the hundred years that followed is almost the history of the British nation. Extraordinarily brilliant under the famous statesman, it lost none of its social radiance during the long reign of the third Lord Holland, who wrote the touching lines—

Nephew of Fox and friend of Grey,
Enough my meed of fame
If those who deign'd to observe me say
I injured neither name.

THE "GREAT LADY HOLLAND."

This modest poet was the husband of the lady known to the last generation as the "great Lady Holland," whose parties were celebrated not only in this country but throughout the world, and who entertained the leading wits, poets, statesmen, and writers of her day. "Five hundred travelled people assert that there is no such agreeable house in Europe as Holland House," wrote Sydney Smith; and in the room where Lady Holland held her court were gathered together some most precious relics of a past age, including Addison's writing-table, a ring worn by Napoleon, and very fine pictures.

SOME CHARMING ROOMS.

The entrance-hall, which contains some most curious and valuable busts, forms an ante-chamber to a suite of rooms. The breakfast-room is hung with exquisite Boucher tapestries, and the China Room is full of treasures that might well tempt even a millionaire collector to envy. Among other priceless treasures therein contained is the dessert-service of Chelsea ware presented to Dr. Johnson by the Chelsea Company. The White Room was for many years unique—indeed, it may be said to have set the present fashion of white drawing-rooms; and the Gilt Room, formerly the ball-room, has been the scene of innumerable splendid entertainments, notably the great ball given in honour of Prince Charles, afterwards Charles I., on the occasion of his marriage to Henrietta Maria.

THE PRESENT OWNERS' ALTERATIONS.

Lord and Lady Ilchester, who are naturally devoted to their lovely London home, have made some interesting alterations and additions to Holland House; but these have been carried out with the greatest care and taste, and so only enhance the beauty of the whole effect. The most interesting addition is the new ball-room, which is said to have cost £30,000. Lady Ilchester, one of the most delightful and gracious of modern great ladies, has given some notable fêtes during the last few years. Her masked ball, which was one of the most enjoyable parties of the kind given during the last quarter of the nineteenth century, was an interesting revival of a form of entertainment much affected during the eighteenth century.

"ALL IN A GARDEN FAIR."

The gardens of Holland House are even more celebrated than is the house itself. They would do honour to a great country estate, and include a drive of over half-a-mile shaded on either side by oak- and chestnut-trees as fine as any in the kingdom. Till lately the estate was bounded by other gardens and by fields, but now it forms an oasis of green and quiet loveliness in a wilderness of bricks-and-mortar.

Looking more like a patch of Devonshire countryside than a corner of London is the Old Orchard, which is close to the Green Lane, an avenue over half-a-mile long carpeted with green, and where took place one of the last duels fought in London, that between Lord Camelford and Captain Best. Some fine statuary adorns the gardens, and many quaint inscriptions are to be found, mostly written by the great wits and poets of a former day.

HOLLAND HOUSE: A LONDON PALACE.

From Photographs by H. N. King, London.



THE ENTRANCE-HALL AND STAIRCASE.



THE WEST FRONT AND ITALIAN GARDENS

MR. VAN BIENE'S RETURN TO LONDON WITH "THE BROKEN MELODY."

AT the Princess's Theatre, at one time a place where long runs were wont to be recorded, the ever-enterprising Mr. Frank De Jong, who is concerned with theatrical ventures all over the world, has just arranged for a three months', or One Hundred Nights', season, during which Miss Lena Burnleigh, as sub-lessee, is to present "The Broken Melody."

Anybody who knows anything about things theatrical knows that "The Broken Melody" has been played by Mr. Van Biene for nearly

THREE THOUSAND TIMES

around the suburban and provincial playhouses. Also that the piece was primarily intended as a vehicle for Mr. Van Biene's skilful violoncello-playing, which had been much admired some years before at matinées while he was yet musical director at the Comedy Theatre for the late Alexander Henderson.

Many who have written concerning the London revival of "The Broken Melody" do not seem to have been aware that the piece was originally tried at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, and that therefore it then achieved a West-End cachet, as it were. As a matter of fact, it is within a few months of ten years ago that this piece was there produced and was described as the work of "Herbert Keen" and "James Leader." In the programme of the Princess's revival the last-named collaborator stands revealed as the person whom some of us always knew him to be, namely, Mr. J. T. Tanner, part-author of certain Gaiety plays produced by Mr. George Edwardes and chief constructor and dialogue-writer of the forthcoming new play, "A Country Girl," at Daly's.

In the Princess's revival only two of the original representatives of "The Broken Melody" at the Prince of Wales's remain. These are Mr. Van Biene himself and Mrs. Campbell Bradley. Mr. Van Biene, as the ill-used Polish refugee - composer, Paul Borinski, who is really a Count in disguise, again displays his virile acting and his splendid 'cello-playing, around which the piece was originally constructed. Mrs. Bradley still manifests much humour as the mischief-making landlady, Mrs. Dickson.

As to the remainder of the chief characters, Mr. William Mollison follows Mr. W. L. Abingdon as the wicked General Ivanoff; Mr. F. M. Paget takes Mr. Fred Thorne's old character of the landlord, Dickson; Miss Lena Burnleigh the Duchesse de Vervier (at first played by Miss Olga Brandon); and Miss Flossie Wilkinson (late of Old Drury) follows Miss Blanche Horlock as the much-misunderstood young wife, Mabel. An important member of the present cast is Mr. Arthur Williams, who drolly represents the cockney musical agent, Dudley Mortimer, which was originally played by the late Mr. Sant Mathews.

A bright and clever member of the new Company is Miss Vera Beringer, who, in addition to representing Miss Garrard, plays a dashing young American lady interviewer in a new and smart little duologue bearing the old play-title, "The Grasshopper." This

is the work of Mr. Wilton Heriot, who represents an interviewed and anon maritally captured novelist. Miss Beringer, who will be remembered as the charming "Little Lord Fauntleroy" of the proper stage-version of that charming story and as the heroine of certain clever plays by her clever mother, is welcome back to the stage which some time ago she had to quit, in order to finish her education. Miss Vera, like her gifted and versatile sister Esmé, is another proof of the influence of heredity.

A melodious fascination has the 'cello-playing of Mr. Van Biene, who achieved much reputation as an extremely skilful musician in various light-opera orchestras long before he began to "star" for such a phenomenal period in "The Broken Melody." Born in Holland in 1851, he was a 'cellist almost from infancy, studied under Servais at Brussels, and as young as fifteen played in the Rotterdam Opera House orchestra. It was that big-hearted and generous musician, the late Sir Michael Costa, who first befriended Van Biene in London, and enabled him to prove his skill at the Opera and on the concert-platform

with such bright particular "stars" as Adelina Patti, Christine Nilsson, and Madame Trebelli.

Mr. Van Biene plays in "The Broken Melody" on a wonderfully good violoncello, a genuine Joseph Guarnerius, which he has recently insured for £1000 and for which he has refused to accept the offer of £1500. He regards it as a veritable "Mascot," which is the name given to the instrument by its grateful owner.



MISS VERA BERINGER, APPEARING AS THE SOULFUL MISS GARRARD IN
"THE BROKEN MELODY."

Photo by Lyddell Sawyer, Regent Street, W.

A CRIPPLES' HOLIDAY HOME.

Among the many charitable and benevolent schemes of H.R.H. Princess Christian, not the least beneficent is her Boys' Holiday Home at Windsor. This is not, as its name might lead people to think, simply a summer place of rest, but a permanent institution which owes much to the gracious Princess. All the inmates are crippled, and one poor wail has spent ten of his twelve Christmases in hospital. Only a week or two ago Her Royal Highness visited the Home, where a Christmas Tree had been made ready and decked with gifts from Cumberland Lodge, and, as she herself expressed it, "the bright and happy faces

around the Tree helped to solace and comfort her in her own sorrow and suffering." The chorus of a song, specially composed for the occasion by Mr. John Stuart, and heartily sung by the little inmates, is pathetic—"Let us then be merry, clap our hands with joy; cheer Her Royal Highness, every cripple boy." Her Royal Highness has since sent the Assistant Hon. Secretary, Miss Potter, of 6, Park Street, Windsor, a handsome donation and most kindly letter, and it need scarcely be said that such an example is well worthy imitation. On the occasion of her birthday, Sir George White's little daughter sent the boy cripples a lot of good things for tea.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Whilst cordially thanking the many Contributors who have submitted interesting photographs and notes for his consideration, the Editor would urge upon such Contributors the necessity for ensuring ABSOLUTE ACCURACY in the matters of NAMES and DATES, which should be written in pencil on the back of each portrait and view sent to "The Sketch," 198, Strand, London.



MR. AUGUSTE VAN BIENE, THE ACTOR-MUSICIAN,
AS HE APPEARS IN THE FAMOUS "BROKEN MELODY," AT THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PESTEL, TERMINUS ROAD, EASTBOURNE.

THE KING'S MOTOR-CAR DE LUXE.

BRITISH CARS FOR BRITISH PEOPLE.

BY "M.P."

KING EDWARD is a valiant upholder of the sturdy doctrine, "British-built motor-cars for British people." The Daimler car *par excellence* has won and kept the King's favour. A beautiful motor *de luxe*—the third this Motor Company has had the honour of building for His Majesty—is now being turned out in the Daimler works at Coventry. This Royal vehicle is a pattern of safety and elegance. It is the model motor of 1902—a fitting car for the Coronation Year. A couple of cars were built last year to the King's order by the same firm, and he has been so eminently pleased and satisfied with their simplicity, serviceableness, and speed that he had no hesitation whatsoever as to where the Royal order for this season should be placed.

A gentleman connected with the Household tells an interesting story of how the King was cured of obstinate and long-standing insomnia by the simple expedient of taking an after-dinner spin on his car. He is loyal and true to the remedy that cured him. When his



VIEW OF THE MACHINE-ROOM, DAIMLER WORKS.

friends ask him for a prescription for sleeplessness, he invariably laughs and answers, "I advise you to take some large doses of Daimler."

A great wave of automobilism has passed over the world. Nowadays, in England nobody can any longer claim to belong to the smart set in Society unless he has a motor in his stable. Loyalists are beginning to follow the Royal example and to insist that their cars shall be British-built. A big "boom" is coming in home-manufactured motors. Continental cars were, for a short season, fashionable, but many of these foreign makes of motors have proved flimsy and unsatisfactory in the wear.

Now that the British public is educated in motor matters, it is learning to demand much of its cars, and the Daimler Company is determined the public shall get all it wants in the motors they turn out during this notable Coronation Year. One of the excellent mottoes attached to the Daimler brand of car is that "it takes you there, and it brings you back," which is by no means true of all motor-cars.

The general feeling of the country is opposed to racers and record-breakers—or law-breakers. Space-annihilators and time-pursuers are not altogether in harmony with British views. No particular object is served by a mile-a-minute demon. What most of us want is a comfortable, elegant car for locomotion, social purposes, and pleasure-making. The Daimler cars can satisfy the ambitions of all, from the mile-a-minute man to the law-abiding twelve-mile-an-hour motorist, and their cars are British-made. Every bit and accessory, to the last coat of varnish, is done by capable, skilful British mechanics, who put their best British work into their business.

Patriotism is a mere unpractical sentiment, so long as we empty our purses on foreign-made goods. If we couldn't buy home-made motor-cars every bit as good as those turned out on the Continent, we should be justified in our own sight in sending our orders out of the country. But we can. Good motors—like every other good thing—are built with brains. Are British brains not so good as minds made abroad? Mr. Pierpont Morgan, Millionaire Whitney, and "Coke-King Frick of Pittsburg" have

imported Daimler cars, because these are the most popular British-built cars in the United States. If they could buy as good in their own country, would they send across the seas?

This Company heads the British motor industry. Their cars came, saw, and conquered the King and Court. Theirs was the first car the King ever drove. Its

simplicity, style, and finish appealed to him, and he has never altered his first favourable impression. Ever since he took a motor-wheel in his hands it has always been of Daimler make.

The car shown in the photograph

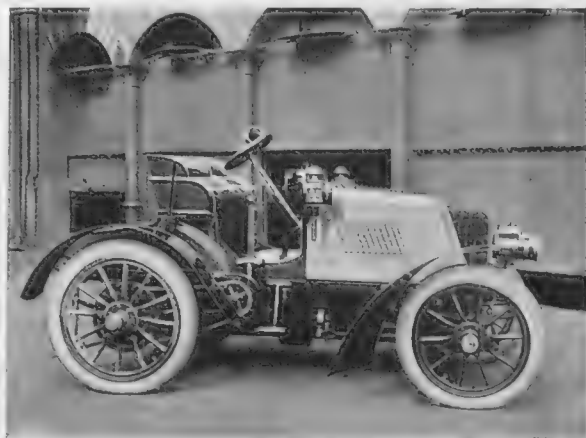
with Mr. Percy Richardson at the helm is an 18-horse-power car, with an elegant tonneau body, and built to hold four persons. This is the car that was lent to the King for a couple of weeks while his own Daimler was painted and re-decorated. He was so delighted with its freedom from smell, noise, and vibration that he promptly ordered one of this identical pattern, but of 22 horse-power, to be built for himself. It is a very fast hill-climber. A similar car is being built for Lord Brassey's use.

Lords Suffield and Hastings have 12-horse-power cars of the tonneau shape. These are identical with the 18-horse-power, only not quite so fast. Lord Ilchester's car is, again, slightly different, having solid tyres instead of the more easy-running pneumatics.

Princess Charles of Denmark declared, when it was finally settled that she should spend the greater part of her time in England, that she would persuade her father to give her a 6-horse-power Daimler, specially fitted for a lady; for her own exclusive driving. She is emulous of becoming as good a motor-whip as her mother, Queen Alexandra, whose chief recreation at Sandringham consists in motoring about the picturesque Norfolk roads.

Another illustration pictures a two-seated car possessing a huge bonnet. This is a motor of immense power, the property of the Duke of Santo Mauro, of San Sebastian, Spain. It is understood that this was built to be run in the motor-car race next May, from Paris to Bordeaux, an eagerly looked-for event in the motoring world. The Daimler Company does not content itself with one style of car; it excels in many.

The Earl of Craven, the Marquis of Londonderry, Lords Plunket and Churchill have recently placed orders with them for cars of large and powerful motor force. The Earl of Wilton, Sir Francis Jeune, and many foreign Princes and noblemen testify enthusiastically to the merits of their Daimler cars. A very powerful personage wrote recently: "The Daimler defies competition. It is a monument to the enterprise of British automobilism."



THE DUKE OF SANTO MAURO'S RACING DAIMLER.



MR. PERCY RICHARDSON ON THE 18-HORSE-POWER TONNEAU TOURING-CAR.



MR. H. B. IRVING AS ORLANDO DELLA TERRE.



MISS LILY BRAYTON AS GIUDITTA (HIS WIFE).

CHARACTERS IN "THE TWIN SISTER," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.



MISS ELLIS JEFFREYS AS LADY POMEROY.



MR. ALLAN AYNSWORTH AS THE DUKE OF ILMINSTER.

CHARACTERS IN "FROCKS AND FRILLS," AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

From Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.

LADY GIFFORD'S HARRIERS AND SOME SUSSEX PACKS.

THE Gifford Pack is one of the few that can boast a lady for Master. The Clumber Harriers, whose country lies in Nottinghamshire, are owned and directed by the Duchess of Newcastle, who has long been famous as a horsewoman, but, at the moment of writing, I can think of no other well-known pack



LADY GIFFORD ON HER HUNTER.

running in England and having a Lady Master, except the Bentley Manor Pack, belonging to Mrs. Cheape, who is known far and near as "The Squire." The Bentley land is in Worcester, Warwick, and Gloucester shires. Lady Gifford's hounds are kennelled at her home, Old Park, by Bosham, near Chichester, in Sussex, and they hunt the district for nine or ten miles round. There is a great deal of open country, and, as hares are plentiful and wire is scarce, very fine runs are enjoyed.

Lady Gifford, who is a very keen hunter and a fine rider, is a daughter of Lieutenant-General Street, C.B., and, when the War in South Africa broke out, she applied for work on the Hospital Staff, and served as a nurse in the hospitals at Kimberley and Norval's Pont. This is her sixth or seventh season as Master, for the pack, which was brought South in 1897, when Lord Gifford took up his residence at Bosham, had been established by Lady Gifford in Northumberland some years before and had hunted in the North Country. The pack is a private one, owned and maintained by Lady Gifford without subscription.

Though the hare is held to afford sufficient sport for a pure harrier pack, the Gifford Hunt sometimes follows the example of Mrs. Cheape, of Bentley Manor, and hunts the catted deer. When this is the case, the deer is taken in a cart to the Downs and there released, and at the expiration of the ten minutes' law usually allowed the hounds are laid on. The Gifford country is well suited to any sport: it has but a small proportion of woodland and plough compared with the down and grassland, and, as the farmers are all well disposed towards the Hunt and its Master, the disagreeable incidents that mar the pleasures of hunting with some packs are conspicuous by their absence. Hunting with the harriers, as a sport, is little less exciting than following the fox, and its popularity is best gauged by the fact that there are over one hundred harrier packs in England alone, and a good number in Ireland. Scotland affords little opportunity for harriers; there are only two or three packs in the country, and Lanarkshire seems to be almost the only part where they thrive.

Lady Gifford's action in leaving home to give her services to hospital work reminds one that many sportsmen whose names are associated with harrier packs have been lost to their Hunts—for a time, at least—owing to the War. Lady Gifford is not the only Master kept from the field: the Earl of Wicklow, Master of the Shelton Abbey pack, was invalided home. Sir Francis Burdett, who hunted the Foremark Harriers, that run over part of the Quorn and Meynell countries, was wounded and resigned his Mastership; and Earl De La Warr, ex-Master of the Bexhill pack, also suffered in the Boer War. Doubtless there are other losses to be recorded among the Masters, huntsmen, and secretaries of harrier packs, for foxhunters have not achieved the monopoly of the glory, though they have contributed many a gallant sportsman to the death-roll.

The modern harrier is often almost a foxhound, though always smaller, and has been bred with great care to serve the particular country over which it is destined to run. Sussex, the county of Lady Gifford's pack, has been noted for its breed of harriers, particularly for a blue-mottled hound whose achievements in days when very long runs were not uncommon filled our fathers with astonishment and admiration. A very famous Sussex pack is that of Bexhill-on-Sea. The hounds are black-and-tan and about twenty-one inches high; they have been famous for several generations, and give some of the best runs that are enjoyed in this country. Another pack whose praises are often heard in the county is the Brookside, also a Sussex Hunt, with kennels at Rottingdean. It is claimed for this pack that it was established in the eighteenth century. The pack has practically supplied the Brighton Harriers, in whose earliest runs some of our great-grandfathers may have participated.

Yet another veteran Sussex pack is the Hailsham, which includes some of the real Sussex blue mottled hounds for which there is too little use to-day; it is a foot harrier pack, so the dogs can do their business in their own way. Some few harrier packs account for a fox or two during the season, but hunting-men are generally agreed that dogs should be kept as much as is possible to the sport for which they were bred, and where fox and hare are hunted by a pack of harriers it is generally to be noticed that the dogs are cross-bred. The Berks and Bucks pack, which hunts deer regularly in the latter part of the season, consists of dwarf foxhounds, and, though I have been told that careful breeding can raise a pack that will be able to deal with deer, hares, and foxes to the satisfaction of all that follow it, many experienced men say it is impossible.

Lady Gifford has done a great deal for hunting in her corner of Sussex, and has maintained the high standard of sport that prevails in a county where every man is at heart a sportsman and the harrier records are among the best in Great Britain. The position of "M.H." is no sinecure—very few ladies have undertaken the duties successfully; but, as though they are not sufficient for her ambition and accomplishments, Lady Gifford is her own huntsman, and seldom fails to afford good going for her followers. She is assisted by two whippers-in.

Her husband, Lord Gifford, has served his country with distinction. He was a Major in the 57th Regiment, Colonial Secretary for West Australia in the early 'eighties, and Colonial Secretary at Gibraltar for some five years afterwards. He has seen much service, active and administrative.

B.



OLD PARK, NEAR CHICHESTER, THE RESIDENCE OF LORD AND LADY GIFFORD.

From Photographs by Cribb, Southsea.



MISS ISABEL JAY AS PHYLLIS IN THE REVIVAL OF "IOLANTHE,"

AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.



MISS NINA BOUCICAULT AS HARRIET IN "SHOCK-HEADED PETER,"

AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.



MISS DECIMA MOORE AS SHE APPEARED IN "THE SWINEHERD AND THE PRINCESS,"
AT THE ROYALTY THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.



MISS GRANVILLE, NOW PLAYING MADGE LARRABEE IN "SHERLOCK HOLMES,"
AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, REGENT STREET, W.



THE BOOK AND ITS AUTHOR.

DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY'S "DESPAIR'S LAST JOURNEY."

THE late Sir Walter Besant once told me, when we were discussing the making of novels, that he thought the best equipment an author could have was the possession of many "personal experiences." He did not use the word "experiences" in the Evangelical sense, but gave to it its widest and broadest meaning. In other words, that which the novelist had "lived" supplied him with his best material. Two books were published towards the end of 1901 which struck me as being novels of experiences which had been "lived" more or less. One of these is the powerful, realistic, but uncompromisingly gloomy book entitled "The House with the Green Shutters" (John Macqueen), by the author who writes under the pen-name of "George Douglas." If this work is founded merely on observation, then all I have to say is that it is the observation of a man of genius. The other book of experiences is that named at the head of this article. Neither of these volumes is a novel in the ordinary sense; the former is absolutely lacking in love-interest, while the latter is a story without an ending. But this raises the undetermined question, What is a novel? And I have no notion of attempting to answer it.

If Mr. Christie Murray does not know what a novel is, then nobody knows. For he has been publishing novels for more than twenty years.

BEGINNING WITH "A LIFE'S ATONEMENT"

in 1880, and "Joseph's Coat" in 1881, he has published one or two novels annually down to the present time, and so the list of his works is a long one. His latest is "Despair's Last Journey" (Chatto and Windus). Not only does it carry internal evidences of being a transcript from life, but I have other reasons for believing that it is to a very large extent autobiographical. It is, therefore, of no inconsiderable interest as a "human document," quite apart from whatever value attaches to it from the literary side. And its literary value is certainly high. Thus we have in it the not common combination of the Story of a Man's Own Life and that Story well and ably told. It is, on the whole, a poignant story—in parts, to say the truth, a miserable story—but the sustained power with which it is presented is remarkable. For the most part, it is a brisk, generally picturesque, and gripping, an unfailingly gripping, narrative of a succession of crucial episodes and incidents in the career of one "Paul Armstrong," who, his life now all in ruins about him, comes to the end of his last journey of despair, sits down, surveys his past, and sets forth this Chronicle of Himself.

THE BOOK OPENS WITH PAUL ARMSTRONG

at the end of his last journey, a solitary in the Rocky Mountains, but blind to their splendours and deaf to their voices. He is very much at odds with fortune; he falls into "deep ennui," and, to fill up the time, resolves on writing his autobiography. But the idea is painful to him. "What sort of record would it be if it were honest? What a confession of folly, of failure!" Still, he does put it down in writing. He

commences with the days of his childhood and youth. The boy was imaginative, dreamy, mentally inventive, a weaver of stories, a bit of a poet—in a word, he was possessed of the literary artistic temperament. His mother did not understand him in the least, and plainly called him a liar when he had spun one of his yarns, and he was severely punished by his father—

"Noo, Paul," said Armstrong, "let's have a luik at this. Ye're not supposing in your inmost mind that I'm in the least small degree likely to believe the yarn you've told me? Ye've been in the lonely fields all day, doing naething and speaking to naeboddy. And for that ye've stayed away from your meals, an' noo ye're in hiding like a criminal?"

It hasn't an air of pro-babeelity, Paul; it has no air of pro-babeelity. You see that?" Paul saw it—quite as clearly as his father. But how was it to be explained? Could Paul say, "My good sir, I am a boy of genius. I have been filled with the divine afflatus, and have been driven into the solitude by my own thoughts. I have been so held by dreams of beauty that I have forgotten everything." Could Paul offer that intolerably cheeky boast? . . .

Paul Armstrong's father is a small master-printer in a country town, and Paul learns from him the printing business. After two or three calf-love affairs, he goes to London to work in a printing-office. Later, he has some adventures of the usual human but not particularly creditable sort, which result in his being taken up by "George Darco" (by far the best-drawn character in the book, and one in which theatrical folk will perhaps recognise a man not unfamiliar in dramatic circles a few years ago). Paul becomes Darco's private secretary, and is introduced by him to all the life and business of the theatre. He goes on tour, sees something of "management," falls in love with an actress, who gets out of him all she can and then leaves him for "Another," writes a play in collaboration with Darco, but, for a while, the Actress who has left him for Another "breaks him all up." He quits Darco's service, and retires to the quiet country printing-office of his father in sleepy Castle Barford. Here he gradually takes up the Literary Life, working on verses, on a drama, on short stories—

He turned to prose and wrote short stories, and sent them broadcast. They came back, and he sent them out again. He made a list of magazines and a list of the stories, and each one went the rounds. One stuck and brought proof-sheets, and in due time a ten-pound note. He poured in all the rest to the one discerning editor, who had already refused one-half of them. In a month, the man of discernment offered ten shillings a page for the lot. Paul accepted, and in another month was back in London, resolute to try a new back-fill with the world.

And so, meeting with fair success, he becomes *un homme littéraire*, as he calls himself, when one day he chances on his former friend and patron, George Darco. They meet in Paris, and they agree to work once more in collaboration on a play. It is in Paris, too, that the real tragedy of Paul Armstrong begins, but I must refer my readers to the book itself for what follows, for the story of the catastrophe of Paul's love, or rather, life. It is all this part of "Despair's Last Journey"—the latter half of the book—which I found the most deeply interesting, for in it there is a soul laid bare. It is all movingly, distressingly human. As to the quality of the story there is no question; it is one of the best books of last year, and is marked by the same power that was shown in Mr. Christie Murray's earlier and, to my mind, better work.

ROBERT MACHRAY.

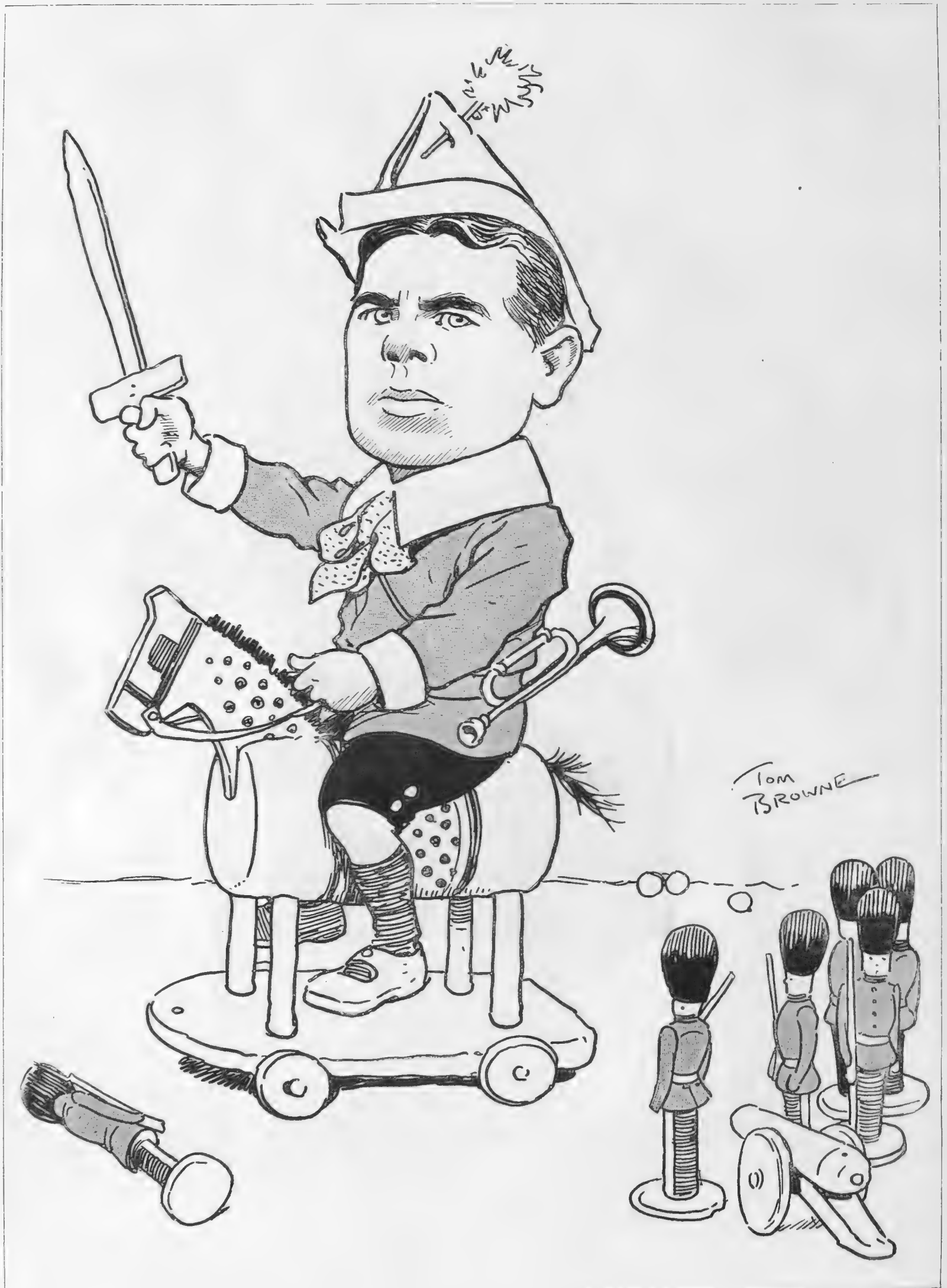


MR. CHRISTIE MURRAY.

Photo by W. W. Winter, Derby and Matlock.

"IN THE DAYS OF THEIR YOUTH."

A SERIES OF BIOGRAPHICAL CARICATURES BY TOM BROWNE.





"THE GUV'NOR."

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE DILEMMA OF THE 'SENTIMENTALISTS.'

BY KEBLE HOWARD.



DESPITE the fact that one of them was an Actor and the other a Sporting Journalist, the Sentimentalists were wonderfully persistent in their sentimentality. Thus, the Actor might frequently be seen pacing up or down the north side of the Strand, his gaze bent upon the pavement and his lips involuntarily twitching in betokenment of a state of unconscious mental ecstasy. Many people, of course, declared that he did it for purposes of advertisement, but those who knew him better pointed out that he loathed publicity, and had even been known to stay away from a gigantic benefit performance, under the patronage of Royalty, because his name had been printed upon the programme in too large a type.

The Sporting Journalist had long been the butt of Bohemian circles. This proud position he owed, partly, to the fact that he was short-sighted and rather deaf, but still more to his avowed enthusiasm in matters of the heart. The love-stories told daily by Police Court reporters in the halfpenny Press had an irresistible fascination for him; his book-shelves were stuffed with volumes of the latest erotic verse; he had even been seen to dab his eyes over the trials of the virtuous heroine as set forth in the synopsis of an Alhambra ballet.

By way of encouraging one another in an aspect of life that they knew to be fast losing its place amongst material Londoners, the Sentimentalists shared chambers in the Temple. It was inevitable that they should choose the Temple. The very name reeks of sentiment. Even the fresh-coloured, short-haired legal people who bustle through its courts all the day long cannot rob the place of its archaic charm, whilst at night, with the exception of a stray policeman, it is entirely given over to the musings and yearnings of the Sentimentalist.

All in good time, the Actor and the Sporting Journalist fell in love. The Actor was the first to fall, and, to his intense delight, he came down with an uncommonly heavy thud. Her name was Marjorie Allandale, and she had secured, mainly on account of her nice appearance, a one-line part in the new poetic drama at the Royal Colonial Theatre, in which the Actor was playing the juvenile lead. Her younger sister, Joan, was also engaged for the poetic drama, but, being an inch shorter than Marjorie, she had to be content with a walk-on and an understudy.

Both of the girls were new to London, and nothing was known of their private histories in dramatic circles. Their good looks, however, were a sufficient guarantee of their moral probity, and, after the first rehearsal, the Actor met them outside the stage-door and gave them a few gracious words.

To all outward appearance, he was, during this interview, the cool, calm, collected man-of-the-world. The wave in his hair suggested poetry; the tilt of his soft hat was the indication of perfect breeding and good taste. He felt, as he turned down Middle Temple Lane, that he had played his part well; he assured himself, as he began to mount the stairs, that he had made an excellent impression; but, alas! he knew, as he adjusted his tie in front of the glass, that he had fallen in love with two girls instead of one.

When the Sporting Journalist came in, full of poetic fervour engendered by writing two columns of descriptive matter about an international football-match, the Actor put the case before him in the frankest possible manner.

"My heart," he said, standing in front of the open window and gazing down into the dark, wet court, "is rent in twain, and the two parts have gone to different owners."

The Journalist, who was looking for his slippers under the sofa, knelt up expectantly.

"Marjorie," said the Actor, "is the more soulful. Joan, on the other hand, is younger and—"

He paused for a word. "Fresher," suggested the Sporting Journalist, feeling his socks to see if they were damp. For one whose duty it was to mould public opinion in the columns of newspapers, he was not possessed of a very striking vocabulary.

"No, no!" said the Actor. "They are both as sweet as meadow-grass in spring-time. But Joan is more—"

"Saucy," suggested the Journalist.

"Don't!" groaned the Actor, and he threw himself on to the sofa in a way that showed an intimate acquaintance with drawing-room comedy. "I think," he added, after a pause, "'impressionable' is the word I want, although that isn't quite it, either."

"Better ask 'em to tea," said the Journalist.

"I will," said the Actor. "Under the influence of short-bread and chocolates, they may develop traits of character which will enable me to decide between them."

The tea-party was quite a success. The girls, charmingly arrayed in fashionable winter-gowns, ate short-bread and chatted about their Papa and Mamma in the most engaging manner possible. After tea, the Journalist sang a little, and both Marjorie and Joan agreed that he ought to make his way at once from Fleet Street to Covent Garden. So then he offered to sing again, but the Actor struck in hastily and recited a long poem by Rudyard Kipling. This collaborative effort having been duly applauded, Joan played a pianoforte solo, and "a delightful occasion," as the Journalist said when writing up his diary the same evening, "was brought to a brilliant conclusion by the singing of a duet by the Misses Allandale, entitled 'O, When We Two were Haying!'" It is probable that he should have written "Maying," but, as has been said, the dear fellow was a little deaf.

When the girls had said good-bye and prattled their way downstairs, the Actor clasped his hands ecstatically before him and demanded the Journalist's opinion of his loves.

The Journalist, somewhat helplessly, stroked his chin. At last—

"Marjorie," he said, "is a peach."

"But Joan," exclaimed the Actor, throwing out both his hands; "what of the incomparable Joan?"

"Well, I think Joan is—is an apricot," pronounced the Journalist.

"Do you think she is sweeter than Marjorie?"

"I don't know. There's not much difference between the sweetness of a peach and an apricot, is there?"

"Oh, confound your similes! I only know that I love them both—love them to distraction."

"So do I," said the Journalist, thoughtfully.

"You? Impossible!"

"It's quite true."

"But you've only seen them for about two hours!"

"I loved them from the first moment I saw them."

"Well, now I come to think of it," said the Actor, "so did I."

For the space of half-an-hour, they sat and smoked in silence. Then the Actor washed and they both went out to dinner.

During the next few weeks, the quartette had many meetings. Now it was a box at the theatre; then it was a little dinner somewhere; once, at the urgent request of the girls, all four went to the Covent Garden Ball, and the Journalist, whilst dancing with Joan, became so enthusiastic that his glasses fell off and were trodden on, so that he had to be led about for the remainder of the evening. But still, in spite of many favourable opportunities, neither of the men ventured to make open love to either of the girls, for the very simple reason that when they were with one they thought they preferred the other. On one occasion, the Sporting Journalist, in the absence of the Actor, made a desperate attempt to woo both of them at once. The emotional strain was so exhausting, however, that he found it absolutely impossible to keep it up for more than ten minutes. At the end of that time, he began to gibber, and the ladies, growing somewhat alarmed, took a hurried departure.

One night, the Actor came home in a state as nearly approaching insanity as was compatible with keeping up his smart, self-satisfied appearance. He had, as usual, seen the girls home, and would certainly have proposed to one of them if the other had not been there. He found the Journalist sitting on the sofa, holding the marble clock to his throbbing forehead.

"Look here," said the Actor, "we can't go on like this."

"Don't speak to me!" groaned the Journalist.

"Heaven knows I don't want to!" replied his friend.

"Then why do you?" said the Journalist, hastily putting down the clock as it began to strike twelve.

"Because we must settle this business one way or the other. Heavens, man, surely you know which of the two girls you prefer!"

"I think I prefer Marjorie."

"I think I do, too."

"Then I'd better have Joan."

"No, I shouldn't care to see Joan married to you."

"And I want to save her from marrying you," said the Journalist.

"Why, you don't mean to say that you consider yourself a better-looking man than I am?"

"Perhaps not, but I've more brains. Actors don't have brains, you



"The Actor met them outside the stage-door and gave them a few gracious words."

"THE DILEMMA OF THE SENTIMENTALISTS."

see. At the same time, please understand, old man, that all I'm thinking about is Marjorie's happiness."

"Then you want Marjorie?"

"Or Joan's happiness. I don't know which I want. I wish to Heaven I did!"

"You once told me," said the Actor, "that you loved all women too much to marry any one of them."

"Yes, but now I've narrowed it down to two," moaned the Journalist.

"You're still safe."

"Yes, at present, but if you marry one of them——"

"I mean to marry one of them," said the Actor.

"Which one?"

"Oh, how do I know, you fool?"

"You needn't get irritable."

"Irritable? I shouldn't wonder if I went mad," said the Actor.

"Neither should I," agreed the Journalist.

That same night, the Actor had a brilliant idea. He aroused the other Sentimentalist from an uneasy slumber and suggested to him that they should write a joint proposal and leave it to the girls to decide between them.

"Good!" said the Journalist, and they got to work at once. The letter stated, simply, that they were both in love with each of the ladies, and begged to offer themselves in marriage to either. Then they posted the note and went to bed again.

The next morning was spent in a state of feverish unrest. The Actor cut himself badly whilst shaving, and the Journalist tried for quite five minutes to force his right foot into his left boot. Just after lunch, a note, in Marjorie's handwriting, came by special messenger. It was as follows—

"DEAR FRIENDS,—Joan and myself have just received your flattering offers of marriage. We both feel deeply grieved that we should have to return your many kindnesses with a refusal, but neither of us had the least idea that either of you had any such idea. Please forgive this muddled way of putting it, but the whole affair has been a muddle. As a matter of fact, we are both married already. Our husbands are away on tour, one in South Africa and the other in Australia. We did not mention the fact at the theatre because we thought it might be against our getting engagements. For the same reason, we did not wear our wedding-rings. Please forgive us, but really we had no idea.—Yours always in friendship,
"MARJORIE,
"JOAN."

"ASK MAMMA!"

Oft within a ball-room gay and brightly lighted—

Time, a score or so, or more, of years ago,

Youth and beauty in the mazy dance united

To the melody of waltzes soft and low.

But sometimes, apart, in corners dim and shady,

There would sit a pair who did not join the dance;

Tall and handsome he, and she a dainty lady,

And he'd look at her with love in every glance!

He would fall upon his knees,

And her little hand he'd seize,

Quite regardless of all danger from Papa;

And he'd vow were she his wife

He would love her all his life,

And she'd softly murmur—"Ask Mamma!"

But Time changes things besides our modes of dancing,

And our manners, like our fashions, alter too;

Just imagine at a ball-room you are glancing—

Time, the present day or thereabouts will do.

You will find a pair quite similar, or nearly,

Who are sitting-out a dance just out of sight;

He is telling her he "loves her awf'ly dearly,"

And is sure that they will "get along all right!"

He won't fall upon his knees,

For in our times, if you please,

All such sentimental attitudes we bar;

And, without a blush or sigh,

She will give him her reply,

But you won't hear *her* say, "Ask Mamma!"

So, no doubt, as Time goes on and fashions alter,

In the future there will come a time, one sees,

When the man will stammer, simper, blush, and falter,

And the woman will go down upon her knees!

On poor man the tables she will turn completely,

In another generation, more or less,

She'll propose to *him* and do it very neatly,

While he trembles as he blushing says "*Yes!*"

She will take his hand and say,

"I'll protect you, dear, always,

You shall be the darling of my life, my star!"

And his yielding waist she'll press,

Till he softly whispers, "*Yes!*"—

And 'tis *he* who'll murmur, "Ask Mamma!"

CLIFTON BINGHAM.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

FIVE years ago, Americans were reading the new English books and very little besides. Since then some of their own writers have had a tremendous vogue. They have, indeed, enlarged the possibilities of book-publishing with editions which have never been approached in this country. Still, many English authors have, and are likely to have, a great market in America, and the best American publishers keep carefully in touch with London. Messrs. Dodd, Mead, and Co. are sending over as their London representative Mr. J. B. Gilder, who has been joint-editor along with his clever sister of the *New York Critic*, and has also acted as literary adviser to the Century Company for years. Mr. Gilder will be cordially welcomed in London, where he has many friends in literary circles.

Messrs. Dodd, Mead, and Co. are amongst the most progressive firms in the United States. They were for long known as the publishers of popular religious works. One of their authors who had an immense popularity was the Rev. E. P. Roe. Their first great step in advance was the publication of Ian Maclaren's "*Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*," of which about half-a-million copies were sold in America. Since then, Messrs. Dodd, Mead, and Co. have gone steadily forward, and their magnificent premises in the fashionable end of Fifth Avenue are an outward and visible sign of their prosperity. Besides publishing, they do a large trade in new books, and they also take a leading place as dealers in rare volumes.

To the Besant Memorial Fund Messrs. A. P. Watt and Son have contributed twenty-five guineas, Mr. Kipling £20, Mr. Conan Doyle £15, Mr. George Meredith £10, and Mr. J. M. Barrie £5 5s.

The secret is out. It has been made public, the desire of numerous learned writers that a Royal Charter should be given in this Coronation Year to a British Academy of Letters. As the new Academy will (in the event of the Charter being granted by the King) practically be self-elected, its composition is certain to provoke much criticism. I understand that at first it was meant to take in Literature. Afterwards, however, it was decided to stick to History, Archæology, and Philosophy. It will not be easy to draw the line. For example, will Mr. Lang get in on the strength of his *History of Scotland* or his researches in mythology?

Should the King accept dedications of books at the Coronation? I know, as a matter of fact, that he will be urged to do so. If he does, he will unquestionably give advantage to the book he recognises over its competitors in the market.

Messrs. Bentley and Son were Publishers-in-Ordinary to our late Queen, but since the firm was amalgamated with Macmillan and Co. no successors have been nominated. The King has shown his interest in literature by his recognition of "*The Dictionary of National Biography*," and it remains to be seen whether any literary men will be recognised in the next distribution of honours. If they are, I should say Mr. Leslie Stephen and Dr. Richard Garnett have as good a chance as any.

The *Times*, after a spirited effort to make *Literature* a success, is now offering that journal for sale. The difficulties of the enterprise were, perhaps, scarcely allowed for. A literary weekly costing sixpence had to compete with others at half the price, and the only possible chance of success was in producing a journal which would be at least twice as good as either of its competitors. Mr. H. D. Traill, the first editor, with all his excellent qualities, was rather a journalist than an editor. *Literature* has published much excellent matter; its tone has always been high, but it has not been efficient. Whether it could yet be put on a new basis and made successful is a question for the speculator in journalism.

Mr. Henry Harland's new novel, "*The Lady Paramount*," is not to be published serially. It will make its first appearance as a book. Mr. Harland, it seems, is of opinion that magazine publication rather hurts than helps a novel. This is an old question that comes up now and then for fresh debate. My own opinion is that it makes no difference, on the whole, one way or another. In the case of a great illustrated paper, it may even help the book.

An American writer says that, "if reviewers would only refrain from reading books, perhaps they would entertain a more kindly feeling towards them." A critic retorts: "I am sorry to say that there are undoubtedly a great many who pursue this method, but not always with this result."

I hear from America that Colonel George Harvey, who has taken the publishing house of Harper's in hand, is adored by the staff. They look upon him as a born publisher and editor. Colonel Harvey says he will not be content until Harper's is the greatest publishing firm in the world. Under his management the magazine has extended its circulation, and he has now set himself to the improvement of *Harper's Weekly*, a paper which had somewhat dropped behind. Many pages are added to the weekly and the scale of illustrations is enlarged.

No magazine of recent years has been so immediately recognised as the *Connoisseur*. Only three thousand were printed of the first edition of the first number. Now thirty-five thousand are printed. There are to be editions in Paris and New York, and a circulation of a hundred thousand is looked for.

O. O.

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

MARTIN HARVEY IN "AFTER ALL," AT THE AVENUE.

AFTER all the gossip about it, "After All" is somewhat disappointing, though certainly it has some good points. Good points, however, alone will not make a play, and a superfluity of rhetoric may easily kill one—rarely have we had such floods of speech as were delivered, and delivered admirably, by Mr. Martin Harvey. One shudders at the thought of the suffering of the audience but for the beauty of his voice and superb quality of his method. Luckily he was there, and one rarely sees a case in which the art of the actor does so much to counterbalance the lack of art of the playwrights. For Messrs. Freeman Wills and Langbridge have been so unwise as to write a play not really as a play, but as a mere vehicle for exhibiting the powers of Mr. Harvey, and the result is a diffuse one-part piece, with a few striking scenes, some excellent passages of rhetoric, but, one must say, a want of sustained interest and a suggestion of insincerity and needless theatricality. One recalls much with pleasure, such as the powerful scene in the first Act, in which Eugene bullies his would-be blackmailer. Nor should the vigour of the Prologue be forgotten. Indeed, had the play throughout been up to the standard of the first half and had the painful comic humours been omitted, the piece would have been received with enthusiasm, and so it seems not impossible that, with an

PAUL KESTER'S NEW PLAY FOR MRS. LANGTRY—
"MADEMOISELLE MARS."

The period with which Mr. Paul Kester deals in his new play, "Mademoiselle Mars," is one which is singularly rich in dramatic interest. It commences with the year 1796 and finishes in 1811. The interval that elapses between these two dates, however, divides the first Act from the three succeeding ones.

Act I. takes place at Marseilles; in the garden of a château belonging to the Duchesse d'Aumont (Miss Lena Halliday). Staying with her at the time is Mdlle. Mars (Mrs. Langtry), an actress of the Comédie-Française. She has, however, concealed this from the Duchess, and is living in her house under the name of Mdlle. de Boutet. Her connection with the stage is discovered by Fouché (Mr. Edward O'Neill), who visits the château in search of the Duc d'Aumont (Mr. Frank Dyall), a proscribed refugee. By the good offices of Mdlle. Mars, the Duke is enabled to avoid capture. Another person whom she befriends at a crisis in his life is Napoleon Bonaparte (Mr. Lewis Waller). He is at this date known as General Bonaparte, and is regarded with disfavour by the military authorities. Bent on rehabilitating himself in his profession, he accepts pecuniary assistance from the actress, and goes to Paris to further his plans. The money that enables him to leave Marseilles is advanced to Mdlle. Mars by the Duc d'Aumont. This circumstance, which is unknown to Napoleon at the time, has an important bearing on the play in its later stage.

Hon. A. Orde-Powlett. Lord George Dundas.

Captain Owen-Lewis.

Hon. T. Dundas.

Mr. W. Houldsworth.

The Earl of Ronaldshay.



Miss Lily Drummond. Mrs. Owen-Lewis. Hon. Faith Dawnay. Viscountess Milton.

Miss Moffat. Miss Agatha Thynne.

THE MARQUIS OF ZETLAND'S THEATRICALS: "THE MANŒUVRES OF JANE" AT ASKE.

Photograph by Sanderson Brothers, Richmond, Yorks.

excellent Company, things may come out all right in the end. For the quality of the Company is incontestable. Miss Mabel Terry-Lewis is charming as the poor girl fascinated by Eugene and yet in love with someone else, whilst Mr. Julius Knight acts excellently as her real sweetheart. Miss de Silva's performance in a character part soubrette and part pathetic was one of the features of the evening, and Mr. Fitzgerald worked bravely with the difficult comic work entrusted to him; whilst, as an uncompromising scoundrel, Mr. Brereton was picturesque and effective. The result of the piece may be disappointing, but one must not forget the strong points.

THE MARQUIS AND MARCHIONESS OF ZETLAND'S PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

Singularly successful theatrical performances were given by the Marquis and Marchioness of Zetland at Aske, Richmond, Yorkshire, on the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd of this month, when Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's Haymarket comedy, "The Manœuvres of Jane," was presented to thoroughly delighted audiences. The first performance was, for the convenience of the tenantry, given in the afternoon, and the Thursday and Friday nights saw the county and residents of Richmond and neighbourhood respectively. The spacious ball-room, where the theatricals are annually held, was, on each occasion, full to overflowing. Mr. Eille Norwood, who was responsible for the production, is to be congratulated on the success of his labours. The scenery and appointments would have done credit to any theatre, and the individual acting of the distinguished amateurs was beyond reproach. Viscountess Milton, as Jane Nangle, realised the many-sided character with remarkable skill and won all hearts.

When (in the next Act) Napoleon and Mdlle. Mars cross each other's paths again, fifteen years have passed. In this interval the former has become Emperor of France and the latter has risen to considerable eminence as an actress. The scene of their meeting is the Green-room of the Theatre Royal, Dresden. A State performance of one of Molière's comedies is to be given in the evening, and Napoleon has come to witness a rehearsal. Through the ingenuity of Fouché, Mdlle. Mars is compelled to bring the Duc d'Aumont (who has been in hiding since his escape from Marseilles) to the theatre. Although she introduces him under an assumed name, his identity is discovered and his immediate arrest is ordered. For her share in the proceedings, Mdlle. Mars is ordered to return to her apartments, where she is detained in custody. The Act dealing with these incidents is of especial interest, from the fact that it introduces a number of the members of the famous Comédie-Française in the year 1811.

As Mdlle. Mars is unable to appear at the theatre, her understudy is instructed to play her part. This lady, Mdlle. Leverd (Miss Madge McIntosh), is her great rival, and the two are on bad terms with one another in consequence. Although secretly determined to enact the leading rôle herself, Mdlle. Mars hands over her costumes, apparently resigned to the Emperor's decree. As soon as she has done this, she is told that her immediate banishment to Geneva has been resolved upon. The officers who are to escort her from France, however, are confronted by her with a document, signed by Napoleon, and which practically countermands her arrest. This has been obtained from its rightful owner by a clever stratagem on the part of the actress. Her guardians, however, are naturally unaware of this, and, believing that the Emperor has revoked his original order, they withdraw, and

Mdlle. Mars is accordingly enabled to keep her engagement at the Theatre Royal.

When, in Act IV., Napoleon learns of the deception that has been practised upon him, he is extremely angry. After a little time, however, Mdlle. Mars induces him to forgive her. The circumstance that chiefly inclines him to do so is the recollection that she befriended him fifteen years earlier, at a critical period of his career. Finding him in this mood, the actress tells him that the money which she lent him when he was so greatly in need of it was borrowed by her from the Duc d'Aumont, and accordingly pleads his cause as well. Napoleon admits the justice of this claim upon his gratitude, and, after some demur, orders the Duke's release. With this episode the play is brought to a natural and satisfactory conclusion.

GERMAN PLAYS IN LONDON.

"Rosenmontag," played on the 14th by the German Company, was given, it will be remembered, in March of last year at the Comedy. It

is a military play, and contains only one woman's part, which was taken, as on the previous occasion, by Fräulein Sella. In spite of the truism with regard to comparisons, it must be confessed that Max Eissfeldt (who has shown to advantage in light comedy) was not so successful as Hans Andresen in the character of Lieutenant Hans Rudorff. The hero is in love with the daughter of a workman, for whom he has the greatest respect, but the very seriousness with which he regards his liaison seems, in his cousins' eyes, to render it more dangerous, and during his temporary absence they succeed in estranging the couple by producing apparently convincing evidence of Gertrude's unfaithfulness. All this has happened prior to the commencement of the play, and Rudorff has apparently lived down his sorrow, for at the mess dinner he, on his return, announces his engagement to the daughter of a wealthy merchant. Incidentally, we learn that he has promised his Colonel the old affair will never be revived. Yet the truth that Gertrude is innocent becomes known, and, in a revulsion of feeling, Hans, regardless of the fact that he is no longer free, returns to her. Even his great friend, Harold Hofmann, deserts him when he finds all arguments unavailing, and Hans, false to all but Gertrude, realises that he cannot live this life of dishonour. Gertrude discovers his intention to shoot himself, and in a powerful scene implores that she may not be left alone. "Without you my life is purposeless!" she cries. "What is to become of me? If you must die, take me with you." After withstanding her for some time, he consents, and the early morning finds the unhappy couple beyond the complications of a world that has proved too strong for them. The play is by no means unrelieved tragedy; there is much merriment and drinking—too much of the latter, indeed—and the author conveys an excellent idea of the boyish light-heartedness that exists even under the iron discipline of the German Army.

A NEW ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE

is proposed by the Earl of Dysart, who generously offers £10,000 towards the project. Such a scheme would be welcome indeed, as London, the biggest city in the world, cannot compare with the small capitals of Germany in musical interest. The Royal Opera Syndicate

did fairly well during the past season in producing an English opera by a native composer (Dr. Villiers Stanford), but Grand Opera on a large scale can only be supported by the wealthy.

I sincerely hope the Earl of Dysart's liberal offer may lead to the establishment of a permanent Opera House suitable for performance in the national language. The late Carl Rosa should be ever held in loving memory by Musical England for the splendid services he rendered to the cause of Opera. In case the Earl of Dysart's idea leads to anything substantial, it will be asked, Where are the composers and vocalists? To this I reply that, when Stanford's "Much Ado About Nothing" was produced at Covent Garden, the principal singers were English, and we have several composers quite equal to the task of writing Grand Operas if they met with the requisite encouragement.

OPERA-GOERS

are eagerly awaiting the prospectus of the Royal Opera. A series of Wagner cycles will open the season, and, among the novelties,

M. Paderewski's opera, "Manru," is anticipated. The work of the famous pianist was most favourably received when recently performed in Germany.

MADAME ALBANI AT THE ALBERT HALL.

The Royal Choral Society will have a grand musical evening at the Albert Hall to-morrow. With so much discord in Parliament, we cannot have too much harmony elsewhere. We are to have Coleridge-Taylor's "Blind Girl" and selections from Handel's "L'Allegro," the first time either work has been performed by this Society. Band and chorus of a thousand. Conductor, Sir Frederick Bridge. Principals: Madame Albani, Miss Maggie Purvis, Miss Edna Thornton, Master Percy Phillips, Mr. Charles Saunders, and Mr. Andrew Black. Organist, Mr. H. L. Balfour.

The success of the Queen's Hall

PROMENADE CONCERTS

is something extraordinary. During a recent visit, I was surprised and delighted with the fine interpretation of Mendelssohn's overture, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," by the splendid orchestra conducted by Mr. Wood. The soloists were also very suc-

cessful. A new tenor, Señor Bertran, from La Scala, Milan, proved himself an excellent vocalist.

By the way, Mr. John Coates has gained renown in Germany and has been engaged for thirty representations of "Lohengrin." I predicted that Mr. Coates would make a good impression, and I believe he will be a worthy successor to Mr. Sims Reeves.

I hear of a Mass in C-minor by Mozart being performed in Leipzig. It is said to be quite worthy of the famous composer.

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY

puts forth an excellent programme for the coming season, worthy of a Society established for ninety years—a Society which helped Beethoven liberally in his declining days when he was almost ignored by his own countrymen.

CLEVER CISSIE DRYDEN

(whose artistic new *Sketch* turn at the Alhambra was illustrated in last week's *Sketch*) previously made a "hit" there—not in "Soldiers of the King," but in "Gretna Green," as the smartest little "Drummer Boy" the Variety Theatres have ever seen.



MISS KITTY LOFTUS,
CAPTIVATING ALIKE IN "MOROCCO BOUND" AND AT THE COURTS OF JUSTICE, WHERE SHE WAS AWARDED £250 DAMAGES
AGAINST MR. ARTHUR ROBERTS FOR BREACH OF CONTRACT.

Photograph by Thomas, Cheapside.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

In Bleak Scotland—A Sovereign Cure—Alcohol in Winter—A Drink for Cold Weather—Foolishness and Clothes—Wheeling on Ice—In a Scotch Inn—The Visitors'—Book.

Time to light up: Wednesday, Jan. 22, 5.29; Thursday, 5.31; Friday, 5.32; Saturday, 5.34; Sunday, 5.36; Monday, 5.38; Tuesday, 5.39.

Cauld blows the wind! At least, it did so all this morning, until my nose was a royal-purple hue—a shade that has merits so long as it does not bloom physically. The fact is, I am in the bleak North, among Scottish hills, where the wind blows straight at you from the North Pole. A letter reached me from London this morning, saying you also were being bit by the tooth of winter, and I felt a certain satisfaction in the knowledge that others besides myself had tingling fingers, smarting toes, and a nose that was numb.

Cycling in winter, as they say in Edinburgh, is "jest grand"; but you've to be fortified, or the icy breeze will strike you savagely. Some of my friends here, north of the Tweed, believe that the best thing to keep out the cold is to take a "dram." Indeed, if I may assume the rôle of admonisher in general, I would say there is a good deal more "dram"-drinking in Scotland than is at all necessary. A "dram" in these parts is somehow regarded as the panacea for all evils. "What do you do," said a Southerner to a Highlander, "when a man falls ill and you are too far from a doctor to send for him?" "Oh, we gie him a dram!" was the answer. "Yes, but suppose he is very bad indeed?" "Then we just gie him another dram!"

I do not belong to the Blue Ribbon Brigade, but I will say that the man who is a cyclist and drinks whisky with the idea it is going to warm him makes not only a mistake, but he parades his foolishness. I suppose I do as much roaming awheel as any man within the three seas, and if I were asked which is the better thing to do when cycling, to drink alcohol or to be a teetotaller, I would answer, "Teetotaller, most certainly!" Yet in this respect I am much like the last-century parson who said, "Do as I say and not as I do." For I am no teetotaller, and no man enjoys his half-bottle of burgundy over dinner more than I do. Wines don't, of course, affect you like spirits. I am convinced that no drinker of whisky or brandy gets nearly so much delight out of wheeling as the man who keeps clear of those beverages. My chief objection is that they play sad havoc with one's "wind." When you are in fit condition, you ought to cycle with open lungs and as freely as you stroll. If you drink spirits, your "wind" is destroyed and you probably blow like a grampus. Then, it is undoubtedly a fact that spirits give you only a fictitious warmth, and that when the feeling wears off you are colder than before.

There are many men who are taking enthusiastically to winter riding. To them I would say, "Fight shy of spirits." I find, after I have done a long day's jaunt, and I fancy that some of the chill has got into my veins, that a glass of negus, with plenty of hot water with the port-wine, is a capital thing to make you feel not only yourself again, but a more vigorous and healthy man.

Sometimes I am forced to the conclusion that cyclists are often very foolish. We have been experiencing a distinctly cold spell. Yet the man who, in his ordinary go-to-office garments, always puts on a top-coat and takes fairly sensible precautions against chill, will, when on cycling bent, dress very much as though he were going out for a spin in blazing August. He very often wears exactly the same clothes. Well, to apply the word "foolish" to one who does that is to use a mild term. Not half as much winter cycling is done as there should be. It is bracing, invigorating, nerve-restoring. But a man

should be warmly wrapped-up. Personally, I make it a point of wearing the warmest of flannels. But I also carry a heavy sweater, and I always slip into it as soon as I slip off my bicycle.

I am constantly coming across a popular fallacy. It is that it is dangerous to go wheeling in frosty weather because of the increased likelihood to slip. There was never a greater mistake. More than once I have written enthusiastically of the joy of riding over a snow-swept land. But have you ever ridden over ice? "Oh, I daren't!" I hear my fair lady friends exclaim; "I would be sure to have a nasty spill!" Now, rubber does not slip on ice. I have never cycled over a frozen lake, but I guarantee it would be twenty times more easy than walking across it. Many a time, however, I have ridden over frosty, slippery roads that almost spell a broken collar-bone to the pedestrian, and found the riding delicious. Therefore, let those who are debarred from wheeling in frosty weather because of the fear of a spill dismiss the idea from their mind. Rubber will slip on greasy mud, but it grips on ice.

Oh for the happy day when, no matter where we finish our daily jaunt, we will find a cosy and comfortable hotel! Undoubtedly within the last few years there has been a mighty improvement, and all due to the cyclist. But have you ever put up in a small Scotch town in January, and, hungry and forlorn, sought out the best inn in the place? I was in the Galloway region two nights ago. I pulled up for the night at a certain town. The principal hotel I found dreary and dingy, cold and inhospitable. The gas had not been lit in the

hall, and there was a good deal of slithering about by ungainly women before any of them could say whether I might have a bedroom or not. The dining-room was gaunt. There was a fire of sorts, but small, unglowing, and surly, and in one of those old-fashioned, set-back Scotch fire-places that send all the heat up the chimney and none into the room. In solitary wretchedness, I had a kind of high-tea, and the waiting-maid was as sulky as maid could be. Perhaps I was an unwelcome guest. I looked round for reading-matter. I found several railway-guides to the Highlands, the third volumes of two old-fashioned novels I had never heard of—rescued, I fancy, from the "penny box"—a very dirty time-table, and a copy of *Sketch* fifteen months old.

It was well-thumbed and dirty, which was an acknowledgment of its popularity, but even reading what I myself had written many months before was not exciting. Then the bedroom—how bare, how comfortless, how uninviting! I spent an hour smoking and pondering over the dismalness of small hotels in Scotland. Then I played the coward: I found out a train to Glasgow, and I hied myself there, where I could get a good hotel and where I didn't feel I was spending the evening in a damp cavern.

When you go touring and get stuck for entertainment, ask for the visitors'-book. You can spend quite a mirthful half-hour turning over those coffee-stained pages. You find plenty of the bald and unimaginative statements—"Stayed here on the 15th January and found it most comfortable." But there are other people who tell you their business, their fighting-weight, where they have come from and where they are going. Last week, in the Midlands, I picked up a visitors'-book and found, in a florid, dashing handwriting, that "Mrs. So-and-So, mother of eleven children and ten of them living, stayed here for three days, and found it A1." There are plenty of little bits of amusing autobiography. Then there are the people who write poetry. It is not quite as good as that of the Poet Laureate, but much more diverting. There are the young fellows who are out for a holiday, who are in most exuberant spirits and write with a pen dipped in happiness. There is the sarcastic person who pencils comments on the grammar and the spelling of other folks, and then the critic of the critic, who writes "Juggins" beneath the comments. It is a poor visitors'-book that does not provide you with a hearty laugh or two.

J. F. F.

Lord Churchill. Lady Churchill. Miss Beryl. Miss Rubie.



LORD AND LADY EDWARD, MISS RUBIE, AND MISS BERYL SPENCER-CHURCHILL ON THEIR MOTOR-CAR.

Photograph by Russell and Sons, Windsor.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

The New Steward.

When the Earl of Crève retires from his position of Steward to the Jockey Club, he will be called upon to name his successor. It is to be hoped that a member of the forward school will be appointed. The two best names that occur to me are Lord March and Lord Durham. In view of the King's visit to Goodwood, the election of the Earl of March would be very popular, but his Lordship is at present in South Africa and he may not reach England until later in the year. The Earl of Durham has for years taken a lively interest in the Sport of Kings, and, what is more, he has been an active member of the reform school. It therefore would be a real benefit to the Turf if his Lordship could be induced to accept office once more. We have to thank his Lordship for the introduction of the starting-gate. We are also indebted to him for breaking the back of the old jockey ring. Lord Durham goes to the course with his eyes wide open, which is more than can be said of some Stewards. He has given us many reforms, but plenty more are sadly needed, and he is the one man fitted to introduce these. I hope he will, if appointed, agitate for a paid Steward and for the institution of a regiment of Course Constables.

Although the weights for the majority of the spring handicaps will not be published until Jan. 30, a deal of speculation on the Lincoln Handicap and Grand National has taken place across the water. The prices offered are absurdly small, and backers would do well to delay their investments until later, when the odds on the field is very likely to be largely extended. Double events are still very popular with the rank-and-file of racegoers, and I am told the Continental men have driven a roaring trade in "the playful little doubles." I hope it will not be considered a breach of confidence if I mention that Zagiga

for the Lincoln and Ambush II. for the Grand National is the favourite double event. Many men back doubles on the alphabetical plan. Thus, Good Luck and Grudon, Disguise II. and Drogheda, Simon Glover and Sarah, Most Excellent and Manifesto, have been patronised this year by the men of letters. It is, as I have said before, too early to guess as to the probable winners of the two first big handicaps; but, according to some of the touts, the Lincoln Handicap is to be won by a horse that took the whole of last season wherein to qualify. The handicappers are very likely to make the critics qualify their statements, as the weight-adjusters do not miss much nowadays.

Mr. Cecil Rhodes. A rumour has been rife at Newmarket that we are to see the great South African magnate, Mr. Cecil Rhodes, blossom into an owner of racehorses this year. We could do with a few more such owners on the Turf at the present time, for the agricultural depression has been the cause of many members of our old nobility retiring from the Turf. Mr. Rhodes has

for years taken an interest in horses, wild animals, and game big and small. His great friend, Mr. Maguire, trains horses in C. Waugh's stable at Newmarket. Another of his friends, Sir J. Willoughby, ran a dead-heat with Harvester for the Derby. The horse was sent to me as a non-starter in the morning. A late message said he was lame. Anyway, he managed to make a dead-heat of it with St. Gatien, but I never heard of any big winner over Harvester. I propose that Mr. Rhodes start a big racing-stable, to be managed by Sir J. Willoughby. It would in time give commercial men the opportunity to discover whether successful promoters and prospectors could make a stable of horses return a profit. I dare say the big bookmakers would accommodate the promoters with a shade of odds against their judgment. Sir John might, by-the-by, then be induced to reopen his yearling book on the Derby, although yearling books are not so profitable as they were.

The Coronation festivities might entail the alteration of one or two race-fixtures. The Coronation, as is generally known, will take place on June 26 and the procession on June 25. I notice a race-meeting is fixed for Gosforth on the 24th and two following days; the Gatwick Meeting is set to take place on the 24th and 25th, while the Lewes Meeting is fixed for June 26 and 27. I expect at least the first day of the Lewes Meeting will be abandoned, while the second day of the Gatwick Meeting is hardly likely to be a big draw.

CAPTAIN COE.

A GREAT LANCASHIRE CRICKETER.

To say that Johnny Briggs, whose sad death occurred on the morning of Jan. 11, was one of the very best of cricketers does not sufficiently express the part played by him in the grandest of summer games. He was, indeed, *sui generis*. No game was too long for Briggs; the position of affairs was never so bad as to lead him to cease making

an effort. Born at Sutton-in-Ashfield, Notts, on Oct. 3, 1862, this small and happy-dispositioned man first appeared as a county cricketer when seventeen years old. That county was Lancashire, of which Briggs was as proud as the county was of him. Everywhere, however, his popularity was great, even with those who suffered from the destructiveness of his insidious left-handers. Briggs came out as a batsman; the discovery that he possessed such a power of pitch and break was made in 1884, and four years later he took in the season 160 wickets for a little over ten runs apiece. As a fieldsman at cover-point he has had few equals. No wonder, therefore, that his services were sought for the best matches of the day or that he was chosen for several visits to Australia. The malady which so surprisingly came on in 1899 he seemed to have recovered from completely, and in 1900 he, among other things, took all ten wickets in one innings against Worcestershire. Alas! it was only a respite, and the Lancashire team had no assistance from him in 1901. His remains were laid at rest on Wednesday at Stretford Cemetery.



THE LATE "JOHNNY" BRIGGS, THE CELEBRATED LANCASHIRE CRICKETER.

Photograph by Brookes, Manchester.

OUR LADIES' PAGE.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

COLD, frosty days like the present, when the fire burns bright and even half-an-hour's walk makes one's cheeks glow becomingly, though abused by the hunting contingent, carry their compensations to other sections of the community. Putting the ecstasies of skaters aside, the gentle distractions of tea-time are never more alluring than when the curtains are drawn on a frosty sunset. Real indoor afternoons these and worthy of one's best effects in tea-cakes and tea-gowns. Talking of these latter, it is curious what various ideas prevail on the subject of this particular garment. Some women become absolutely theatrical in their five o'clock *ensemble*, others yearn after a historical *vraisemblance*. Some, again, are classical, and most, one way or another, are unpractical. Now, a tea-gown should be, in its first construction, comfortable, the initial intention being that one can rest or lounge in it after the heat and burden of the day. Also, it should not be of an obtrusively elaborate or "evening" character, while avoiding severity. To whalebone and stiffness generally it should be a stranger, while a too apparent décolletage also robs it of its *raison d'être*. Yet I venture to assert that twenty women out of twenty-one will err either in one essential or another, and so fail to realise the true ease and inwardness of this thrice-blessed garment. I met one this week which fulfils all conditions, however, and which, though coming from an expensive French-woman, might be easily copied. It was of carnation-pink taffetas, with handsome incrustations of black and white Chantilly, and the under-dress, of black point d'esprit over white taffetas, was tucked from waist to hem, where it flowed out in many flounces to give the fashionable "frilly" effect. A tiny bolero of the black point d'esprit was run through with small white ribbons half-an-inch apart, and a shaped belt of indescribable embroidery completed it. It opened down the front, was easily slipped into, and had not a morsel of whalebone. Hence also my appreciation.

If there is a woman in this island who knows and masters the art of looking eternally young and lovely, it is our own graceful and charming Queen. From the vantage-ground of a window in Whitehall, I saw and admired her passage to Parliament in golden crown and gilded chariot after the most approved fairy-tale manner, and certainly Hans Andersen or Grimm himself of fairy-lore never imagined a more graceful, sweet, or altogether Queen-like Queen than this "Sea King's daughter from over the sea." In our sight-seeing party assembled on Thursday in the rooms of a hospitable bachelor I met a quite delightful muff, toque, and collar of lace and ermine, which were very well worn on a white cloth gown stitched with black. "Extravagant," murmurs prudence, and extravagant all this winter white in grimy London certainly is. Still, there is always that home of refuge for dusty finery, the cleaner's, and I must maintain—economical considerations notwithstanding—that it is worth a girl's while to look as nice as this one did even at the cost of some *nettoyage à sec*.

Some lovely floral dresses were worn at the Flower Ball in aid of the Dumb Friends' League on the 20th. The idea that each girl should wear a frock representing a flower was a very happy one, and originated, I believe, in the clever brain of that most indefatigable of secretaries, Mr. Arthur Coke—to whose untiring diligence, indeed, the initiation and continuance of this deserving cause have been mainly

due. A few of the smartest gowns had large sleeves—rather big puffs, that is to say, from below the shoulder to just beyond the elbow. These are not as becoming as the wide shoulder-sleeve of past seasons. But Fashion does not repeat herself exactly within such recent memory, and, at the cost even of becomingness, we are bidden to adopt bizarre effects rather than familiar ones.

The greatly discussed "Frocks and Frills" will doubtless set the mode from the Haymarket for some part of the immediate future. All the dresses are quite quite—from broad effect to tiniest detail, and, beyond doubt, the play is a great advertisement for those firms who have so "regardlessly" gownned it. Ellis Jeffreys, whose chief merit is her undoubted "instinct of clothes," wears a delightful

painted-muslin gown with a rose and violet design. It has a pink glacé bodice daintily embroidered in many shades of rose, while three tones of mauve disport with excellent contrasting colour on her hat. Miss Jeffreys, before going on the stage, took up music very actively, but her smart appearance and light-comedy manner helped to place her at the Criterion instead of on the concert-platform. She has a sister who also took to "the" profession, but has not followed it up. Miss Lottie Venne, piquant as ever, makes much of her much-ruched white mousseline-de-soie, so wonderfully embroidered with pale-coloured blossoms. Lady Pomeroy's pale-mauve gown is an ideal one for a dark-haired woman, and the skirt with the new box-pleats all round is an arrangement that Fashion proclaims as all that is of the newest—for our present wear.

The Riviera is already very full, and, between the combined causes of the small-pox scare at home and Lord Rosslyn's "system" for the undoing of the dear green tables, numbers of English have flocked to Monte Carlo during the past few weeks. Meanwhile, the "system" has gone the way of all its predecessors, and the tables go on making their average profit of five hundred each per diem. A friend gave me an "infallible" tip last year with which to pulverise the Casino. By its means one could cover twenty-four numbers, and, as a matter of fact, I did win seventeen times running. But it may also be added that this luck did not last, neither did my winnings, and before the end of my five weeks away I came to the conclusion that, whether one stakes one's louis blindfolded or upon the most highly elaborated system, the odds may be safely laid on the bank, which by its system must win in the long run. SYBIL.



[Copyright.]

DINNER-GOWN TRIMMED WITH JET AND SILVER.

WEEK-ENDS OUT OF TOWN.

More fortunes are made and more constitutions ruined in London

than in any other city in the universe. The City man's great mistake is that he neglects the benefits of fresh air, which are indispensable.

The Great Northern Railway Company offer most admirable facilities to this end by the week-end excursions which they run during the winter as well as the summer months. The Company announce cheap one-day excursions on alternate Thursdays in January and February, also March 6, to Hitchin, Royston, and Baldock, with one- or three-day bookings to Cambridge; one- or three-day excursions to Biggleswade, Sandy, St. Neots, Huntingdon, and Peterborough, on alternate Thursdays in January and February; day excursions to Hatfield, Hertford, St. Albans, Harpenden, Luton, and Dunstable, on Saturdays, Jan. 25, Feb. 15, and March 1, besides week-end excursions to various principal towns in the northern counties; and three, five, and eight days' excursions on Saturdays, Jan. 25, Feb. 8, and March 8 to various places in Lincolnshire.

A KIMBERLEY DIAMOND-MINE.

AMONG the many stirring stories that were written of the siege of Kimberley in the early days of the South African War, none conveyed a more informing impression of the happenings of those 125 days than the diary of Captain W. E. Chapman, in command of the Otto's Kopje Company of the Town Guard. On October 9, 1900, five days before the actual proclamation of Martial Law in Kimberley, this energetic official had sworn in for military service the whole of the white staff under his control, with the exception of some score of Dutchmen. On October 14 the Diamond City was cut off from communication with the outer world, to undergo for eighteen eventful weeks all the terrors of beleaguering. One of the most exposed as well as the most effective of the defences of the city was the property of the Otto's Kopje Diamond Mines, Limited; directly facing, at a distance of two miles across the open veldt, the fortified earthworks of the Kamfersdam Mine, whence the Boers kept up an intermittent cannonade. For the first month of the siege, Captain Chapman had the sole responsibility of defending the machinery and buildings belonging to the mine, but then Colonel Kekewich decided to have the water-tanks and tailing-heaps regularly occupied by British troops, and guns were mounted which kept up a merry exchange with Kamfersdam. Our first illustration, a reproduction of an amateur photograph, gives some idea of the service

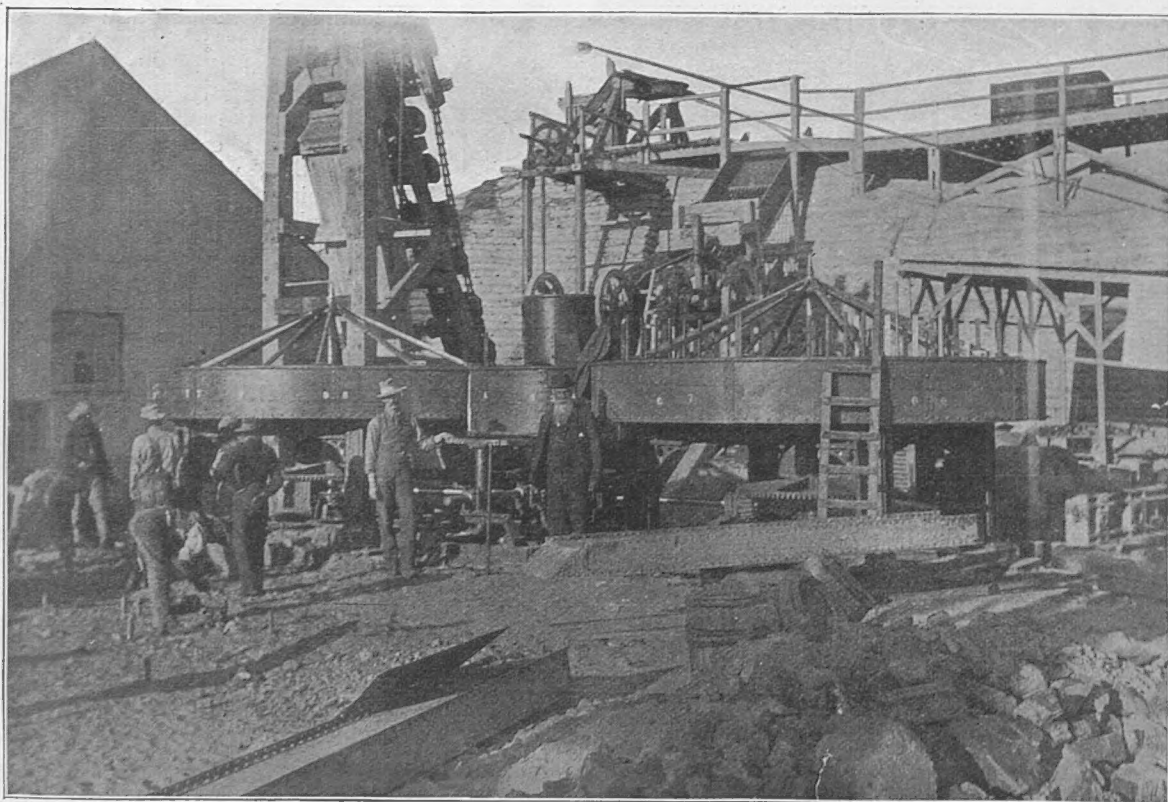
done by Captain Chapman's little party during the siege. There was some warm work in November 1900, a body of regulars under Lieutenant-Colonel Scott-Turner in one engagement drawing a fire of over 6000 rounds from the Boers. When at last, on Feb. 16, 1901, General French and his Flying Column came to the relief of Kimberley, an anxious experience was closed. Some months,



ON THE TAILING-HEAP AT OTTO'S KOPJE DURING THE SIEGE.

however, elapsed before the resumption of mining was permitted. At Otto's Kopje washing operations were in progress, with brief interruptions, from August 1900 until the middle of June 1901, when they were suspended pending the completion of the new Aërial gear. This has now been accomplished at a cost of nearly £4000. The equipment effects a great saving of labour, and is invaluable in removing huge masses of the upper rubbish, for the opening up of the richer portions of the mine.

Otto's Kopje has been a regular producer of first-class diamonds for many years past. At the present time the mine is worked in the open, like a quarry, as is shown in the illustrations on the opposite page. The most important development is now being carried out at the 200-foot level, which during November 1901 was opened up with a 50-foot face, for working entirely on what is known as "Blue" ground, wherein the finest diamonds are found. Some years ago, when the mine was in its infancy, the prospector of the period, one O'Leary by name, carried down a shaft to a depth of 800 feet. He was meeting with great success, when the occurrence of a fire at the



MINING MACHINERY AT OTTO'S KOPJE.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Jan. 28.

THE REVIVAL.

OUR readers know that we have always anticipated a revival of Stock Exchange business as soon as the end of the War was within a measurable distance, and there can be no doubt that the past fortnight has produced more buying orders than the whole of the last two months of the Old Year put together. Whether or not the



COAL-MINING IN RHODESIA: THE WANKIE EXPEDITION.

boomlet is going to last depends on Louis Botha, Christian De Wet, and Lord Kitchener. It is said that the Boer funds in Europe are at a low ebb. May we suggest to Mr. Kruger that, when he and his friends have laid in enough Kaffirs to satisfy the dreams of avarice, they should open negotiations and replenish their depleted exchequer with the profits they would capture? Surely the material advantages of such a course would appeal to the frugal nature of "Oom Paul," and if the command of the Cavalry Brigade at Aldershot were offered to Christian De Wet, and something suitable found for Botha, not only would the Stock Exchange revival be set on a firm basis, but the Army might also benefit by the arrangement. Outside Kaffirs and, perhaps, Industrial shares the public have not participated in business to any large extent, but we expect to see the revival spread to other markets, as money is likely to be cheap and the Home Railway reports will probably be better than was expected.

HOME RAILS.

Writing in our issue of Christmas Day last, we forecast the dividend on Great Easterns at the rate of $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., "unless it be deemed advisable," we said, "by the payment of another $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. to bring the dividend up to the round Three for the year." The Great Eastern Board has adopted the latter course, and the distribution at the rate of $4\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. is regarded as a hopeful omen of better dividends all round than had at first been expected. The little City and South London announced a dividend at the rate of $2\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. a few days earlier, which was also an advance of $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. on our estimate, and, despite the unfortunate fire on the system last week, the price of stock is steady in the near neighbourhood of 66, some 17 points above the lowest quotation touched not so very long ago. Great Eastern stock spurted sharply when the letter with the dividend-declaration was posted in the market, but it eased off again upon the appearance of a few early profit-takers. The sensation of the Railway Market, however, is the unearthly soaring of Brighton "A." It is said that a certain Kaffir group has taken the stock in hand, but, considering how much the attention of Kaffir operators is taken up with their own concerns, the yarn hardly sounds veracious. The true reason may probably be found in the fact that there is so very little account in Brighton "A" in these degenerate days that a mere trifle of professional buying on behalf of market punters was the only thing necessary to bring about the advance. In the "Heavy" division there is an unusually small amount of business doing, intending buyers or sellers holding off for a few more dividend declarations before they enter the market. From its healthier appearance it seems likely that this department will go better, but we look for no decided improvement until several more of the dividend uncertainties are removed.

DEEP LEVELS AND RHODESIAN SHARES.

It may be fairly said that the Deep Level shares of the Kaffir Circus started the present boomlet in South Africans, and, notwithstanding the fact that the market has widened out until nearly all Kaffirs are now included in the general activity, the Deep Level list is the one which enjoys most popular interest. Amongst the interesting features of the revival in this department is the active introduction to the market of Rand Mines Deep. Of course, the shares had been known for a long time, but their supporters made no attempt to push

them in the market. Last year, they varied between 4 and $2\frac{3}{4}$, whilst in 1900 the two limits of variation were $3\frac{1}{2}$ and $2\frac{3}{4}$. Now they stand at $4\frac{3}{4}$. The capital is a million sterling, of which rather less than £800,000 has been issued, so it appears pretty evident that the Company is already highly capitalised enough by the market. Naturally, the name goes a long way to assist the price, but we should say that at present there is not much more room for a rise. A likelier share is Cinderella Deep at about $3\frac{1}{4}$. The Company is under East Rand auspices, and, with half-a-million one-pound shares, cannot be considered unduly weighted with capital. Robinson Deeps have come into favour on the announcement that fifty stamps will, it is hoped, be started on Feb. 1. Durban Deeps are worth watching.

The lower return of gold from Rhodesia for last month came as an unpleasant surprise to a good many; but, after all, the figures are not very significant. One would, however, like to see the country's returns waxing with each month. Chartered shares have reached that stage when matters of ordinary intrinsic consideration are laid upon one side altogether. We are told—everyone is told—that the price must go to 5; but, if it does, we shall confess ourselves astonished. The Company is extending its scope of operations, we may add, in several directions, chief among which is the coal industry. An expedition was formed some time ago for the purpose of prospecting the Wankie district, and its research has been well rewarded. It will not be long before the Rhodesian mines may be able to exchange the costly timber-fuel for black diamonds, and specimens of the latter may be on show at the Colonial Exhibition which is to be held in the Royal Exchange, London, next month.

Rhodesian shares are showing little inclination to join the giddy Kaffir boom, but we may possibly see this market re-galvanised, despite the lack of funds which is hampering too many of its specialities. We have been told that Enterprise shares are to be "put better"; the present price is between seventeen-and-sixpence and a sovereign, so that the speculator who buys them does not stand to make much of a loss.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

The echoes from the House in these exciting times are worth listening to, and the graceful dome above the Kaffir Market reverberates as it has not done since those mad days of 'ninety-five. By the afternoon of every day the dust lies thick upon the boots of us who spend the livelong hours from ten o'clock till four within the surging crowd, and coats which are black in the morning look as though a pepper-pot had been thickly sprinkling them over what time the closing-time approaches. All sorts and conditions of share-derelects are being trotted out, and soon, I suppose, we shall be hearing of Elandsfontein No. 2, Minerva, Bankets, East Orion, and other things which died down after the last boom. Died down for ever, some of us hoped who had no shares in the things and a certain amount of consideration for the repute of the market; but when such shares as United African Lands, Potchefstroom, Coetzestroom, and so forth, are taken in hand, one never knows what may come next. It is impossible to over-emphasise the warning as to buying shares at rubbish prices. One lot in a thousand may turn out a bonanza, but the other nine hundred ninety-and-nine will lead the holder into the wilderness of disappointment, probable reconstruction, and ultimate loss.

One of the mild sensations of the last few days which the newspapers have apparently overlooked is the jump in Troye Exploration shares. From being unsaleable at a florin, they have jumped up to the neighbourhood of eight shillings, upon a rumour that the shares are to be taken over by the Johannesburg Consolidated Investment Company at half-a-sovereign each. One facetious jobber who holds them remarked that the change in the position is yet another exemplification of the old saw, "If at first you don't succeed, Troye again." Amid the multiplicity of tips which come to one on all hands, I may mention a few of the likeliest. Transvaal Goldfields are standing, as I write, at about $2\frac{3}{8}$. The capital is only £300,000, and the Company owns about 80,000 acres of land, to say nothing of claims in the Witwatersrand and Nigel districts, besides real property in Johannesburg and London. Its holdings in other Companies comprise Windsors, West Rands, East Roodepoort Deep, and Tudors, in all of which there is at present but little market, although there are signs of improvement in West Rand and Tudor shares. In 1895 the price of Transvaal Goldfields went to 6s, a quotation not likely to be seen again for some time, but the shares might reasonably reach $3\frac{1}{2}$. Robinson Banks are up to 5s, and are said to be bound for 8. The Company's shares have attraction for the speculator from their being listed in Paris, and for the investor from the fact that banking business in the Transvaal will in all likelihood develop into a particularly lucrative branch of commerce. It is meet to mention here that Johannesburg Goldfields shares, first recommended in *The Sketch* at something under fifteen shillings, are now twenty-five shillings, and, from the accounts I hear, they should certainly not be sold.



COAL-MINING IN RHODESIA: AN OUTCROP.

The little South African Market, wherein disport themselves such small fry as the Balkises, Lisbons, Barretts, Graskop, &c., is being scanned by the earnest speculator in search of a bargain. Negative advice is never very satisfactory, but, all the same, the prudent gambler will keep clear of these things. Quite possibly some of them may be whacked up a few pence, but in the end the usual result is practically sure to ensue, and there will be months and months of perfect stagnation at low prices, with never a three-halfpenny ripple upwards to disturb matters. Barretts, in this department, are the only shares likely to derive any particular benefit from cheapened costs of working, and they may possibly resume their previous position in the dividend list, but the market is too languid and restricted for the price of the shares to be much affected by better conditions of operation.

The remarkable little chats between Mr. Barnes, Official Receiver, and Mr. Whitaker Wright have been largely lost sight of in consequence of the enormous business which is passing in the Kaffir Circus. I have scarcely heard the matter mentioned in the Stock Exchange, perhaps because it was pretty well known beforehand that writers connected with the *Financial News*, the *Citizen*, *Truth*, and the other papers implicated by Mr. Whitaker Wright, would be named by him as having made profits out of his promotions. There is no honest man who will not feel heartily grateful to Mr. Barnes for the admissions which he has forced from the late Managing Director of the London and Globe group. While most of us in close touch with City affairs have known what was happening day after day, week after week, in the *Financial News*, *Truth*, and the other journals, our lips were sealed, chafe as much as we might; but, now that Mr. Barnes has laid the scandalous, pitiful story bare, "The Man in the Street" will know in what light to regard the "advice" so kindly tendered him by the scribes who exchanged their columns for Whitaker Wright's "calls."

From the consideration of this sordid meanness one turns, thankfully enough, to a cheerfuller theme. The Colonial Market is fully justifying the complimentary remarks that were made about its prospects a few weeks ago, when all its stocks were very much down in the vale of depression. Trustees are awaking to the advantage of securing gilt-edged investments to yield them 3½ per cent., or thereabouts. People in the City seem to be mournfully certain that the income-tax will ascend. If it continues rising at its present rate, the day will not be so very far off when we may be required to pay the whole of our incomes to the Government and tax our rulers so much in the pound upon the sums we pay in to the National Treasury. Some such brilliant scheme would, perhaps, tend to check that lust for gold which induces Kaffir jobbers to do between five hundred and a thousand bargains every day. It is a wonderful record, but perfectly correct, that one firm of South African dealers did just under seven hundred bargains the other day, and one unfortunate man who is not a member of the firm is

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

THE WELSBACH POSITION.

As we hoped, and most people expected, the Welsbach shareholders have supported the Committee and hardened their hearts, so far as to give the present Directors notice to quit. In the face of the revelations made in the Committee's report and at the meeting, it is quite impossible to imagine what other course they could have taken. The extraordinary part of the whole affair is the attitude of the Board and of Sir Henry Burdett in particular. The proxies, we are told, stood at about £1,250,000 for the Committee and £300,000 for the Directors, and, in the face of such figures, how an honourable man (such as Sir Henry undoubtedly is) could cling to office and practically say that the Directors would not go until removed by an extraordinary resolution, we are at a loss to understand.

The whole thing is so undignified, so unusual, and last, but not least, so futile, that one can only say it is on a par with the management of the Welsbach Company from its inception. Of course, Sir Henry and his colleagues will have to go; they were given the opportunity of going with dignity and like gentlemen, but they have deliberately elected to stick to posts which their constituents have asked them to resign. Let us hope that at the last moment wiser and more dignified counsels will prevail.

The serious part of the trouble is that, in the critical state of the Company's affairs, the six weeks' interregnum, which the Directors' attitude involves, cannot fail to make matters more difficult to put in order. It would have been hard enough to save the Company under the most favourable circumstances; it will be made still less easy by the bitter fight which the removal of Sir Henry and his colleagues appears to require.

How different was the conduct of the Directors of the Salt Union when the majority of the shareholders intimated that they wished to place the management of their affairs in other hands!

Saturday, Jan. 18, 1902.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

F.—We think you bought your Hotel shares at an absurdly inflated price, but we would not sell just now. The decline has been caused by the increase of competition, especially in London, and which holders fancy must in the long run affect profits.

M. W. M.—Your letter about Allsops was answered on the 15th inst.

R. A.—There are conflicting reports as to Le Roi current, but, as the management has now got out of the old hands, we should hold the shares if we had bought at the prices you have paid.

FINANCE.—On the whole, your list is not a bad one, and, if the present activity continues, you may see better prices all round. We prefer Le Roi to the No. 2, and have a strong tip to buy Geduld. Hendersons hold, among other things, 2874 claims on the Witwatersrand field, including the Santa Barbara block of 773 deep-level claims, adjoining the Rand Mines Deep claims. In addition to this, the Company holds farms in the Lydenburg and other districts, and concessions in Swaziland.

SPIRO.—Assuming you want investments, not gambling tips, you might buy Argentine Rescission Bonds or Chinese 6 per cent. Gold Loan issued by the Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China. Vicars shares are not a bad speculative investment.

IVY.—You had better sell all the shares as soon as you can get a reasonable profit. See this week's Notes, to which we can add nothing. Shares in these sort of Companies are not stuff to lock up. The only way to make money is to buy when there is next to no market and sell on any rise.

A. J.—See this week's Notes. Of course, support the Committee.

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